THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 24, 1932

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, February 24, 1932

the BYSTANDER

No. 1471. Vol. CXIII

A PRINCE'S FUTURE BRIDE

Miss Karin Nissvandt, the daughter of a well-known Swedish business man, whose marriage to Prince Lennart, the son of Prince Wilhelm, who is the second son of King Gustav of Sweden, is arranged to take place at a London register office shortly. Owing to the opposition of his Royal grandfather, it is impossible for the wedding to take place in Sweden, and, as King Gustav has announced his intention of depriving him of his title if he marries, Prince Lennart and his bride will be known as Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte

THE CHRIST CHURCH POINT-TO-POINT

The field taking the first fence in the House Grind Challenge Cup at the recent Christ Church Point-to-Point at Oddington, near Islip. It was won for the third successive year by the Hon. J. Pearson (seen second from the left) on Mr. Switch. His father, Viscount Cowdray, also won this race for three successive years when he was up at Oxford

Above : Viscount Valentia, of Bletchington Park, Oxford (left), Mrs. Sutton and Capt. C. R. Pawson discussing the card at the "House's" Point-to-Point at Oddington last week

Above : Lord Mulgrave and Miss Miller, who went out to Oddington to watch the racing

Right : Miss Jocelyn Wingfield (left) and Miss Le Marchant engrossed in the gentle art of spotting the winners. With them is Mr. D. Le Marchant

Right : Here they come! Three studies in concentration during the running of the House Grind Challenge Cup afforded by the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray (left), the Hon. Brenda Pearson, whose brother again won this race, and Miss Wilson

the passing hour

Lafayette

Miss Margaret Limpenny, the elder daughter of Engineer-Captain C. J. Limpenny, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Limpenny. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. D. A. Farquharson, 2nd Royal Garhwal Rifles, only son of Dr. and Mrs. David A. Farquharson, of Darjeeling

Lenare

Miss Catherine Clive, who is to marry Mr. Christopher Eden Steel, Third Secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, the elder son of the late Colonel and Mrs. R. A. Steel. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-General and Mrs. G. S. Clive, of Perrystone Court, Hertfordshire

NOBODY is more amused than Prince Lennart at the autocratic attitude adopted towards him by his grandfather, the King of Sweden. We met in the Dominican bar of the Hotel Insel on Lake Constance last summer, where he was staying for a few days while his castle at Mainau was being redecorated. He is a nice, tall, studious, spectacled young man, with a sense of humour.

THE reason for his nonchalance is based on the fact that he is the only member of the Swedish Royal Family who is really rich. As he explained to me, his mother was the Grand Duchess of Baden-Baden, and she left all her very considerable fortune to her son instead of to her husband, Prince Wilhelm, who was a member of the Ham Bone Club, by the way. The fact that he will no longer be on the Swedish Civil List does not, in consequence, worry him at all. Incidentally, his island and his castle are quite enchanting, in full view of the Vorarlberg Alps.

BY the time this appears in print, Prince Lennart will have arrived in London with his fiancée and his future mother-in-law. They have chosen the Dorchester Hotel, which seems to attract all the celebrities. Clive Brook and his wife have returned from visiting their respective fathers—one at York and one at Westcliff, and both of them ill—and are comfortably ensconced there.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and his wife, for whom Mrs. Harriman gave an interesting party in Cadogan Gardens the other night, are also there, and gave a cocktail party on Thursday to a few friends to celebrate the departure of his scrubby little beard. Mr. Dwight Davis, the man who founded the Davis Cup Contests, is another guest at the Dorchester. I hear, by the way, that Clive Brook is likely to stay here until the end of March, and may make a film in the meantime.

DANCES are still being given, although it is Lent. Lady Mildred FitzGerald gave one last week in Grosvenor Square. The Embassy band played, and all was couleur de rose until the lights fused, and everything was couleur de nuit for at least five minutes. Lady Anne Wellesley

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George were all in the field when the Quorn met recently at Lodge-on-the-Wolds. Prince George is seen above enjoying a joke before hounds moved off to draw the first covert

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

in a primrose-coloured gown, and Lady Georgiana Curzon were two of the prettiest girls.

ONE of the most interesting débutantes was Miss Nico Rothschild. She is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Rothschild and the sister of Mr. Victor Rothschild, the heir to Lord Rothschild, who lives at Tring and has that famous private zoo. I gather that a good deal of entertaining is going to be done for her this coming season.

TO-DAY (Wednesday) will see the wedding of Lord Hindlip and Miss Bridget Nicholls at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. They have received some lovely presents, and Mrs. Nicholls gave her daughter carte blanche to buy what she liked at the auction of the effects of the late Princess Royal's house in Portman Square. Unfortunately, the furniture was rather too Victorian for Miss Nicholls's taste.

SHE and her fiancé have both been given those light-hearted "special permits," and were showing them round at the International Sportsmen's Club the other evening. Here is one:

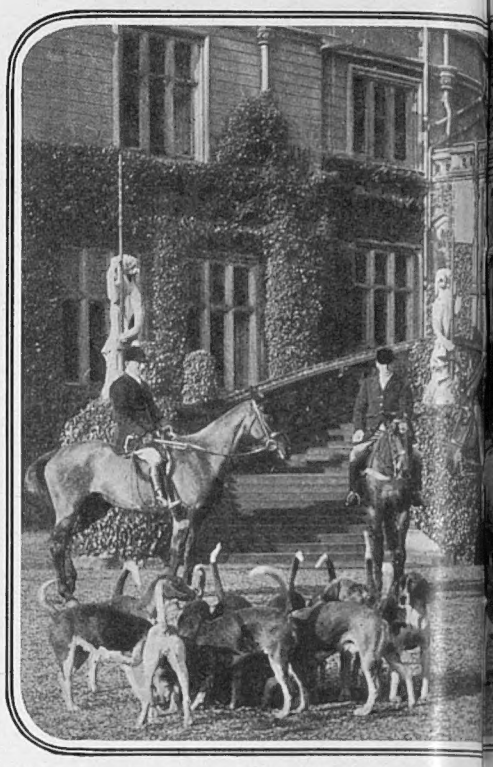
SPECIAL PERMIT.

This is to certify that I, the legally wedded husband of ——, do hereby permit my wife to go where she pleases, when she pleases and to drink what she can get. I furthermore grant her all other privileges of a single woman expressly, including the right to enjoy the company of any gentleman or gentlemen she sees fit, as I know she is a good judge. I want her to enjoy life in this world, for she will be a long time dead.

Gilbert Bowley

Mr. Philip Nichols, a member of the Diplomatic Service, and Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay photographed after their wedding at St. John's Church, Dormansland. The bride is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. H. Spender-Clay, of Ford Manor, Lingfield

A photograph brought by air-mail and taken at the reception following the wedding at Bombay Cathedral of Mr. G. L. Stockoe and Miss Joan Jackson. The bride is the daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Jackson



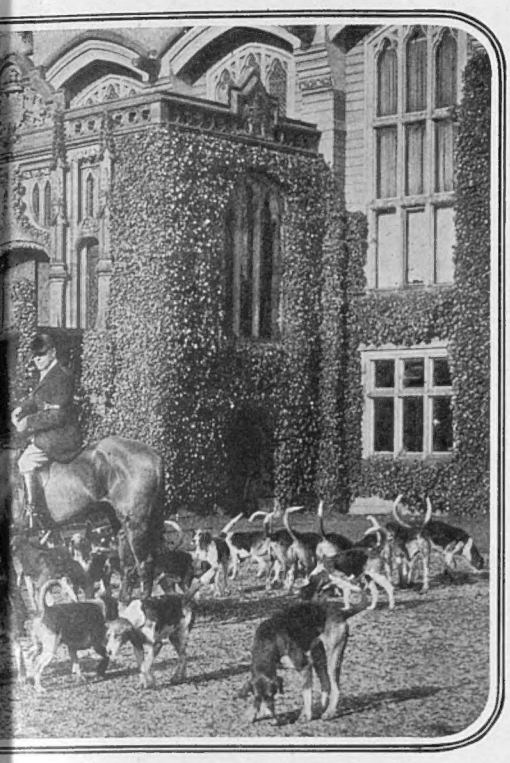
The Badsworth seen before moving off from the meet [illegible] Ethel Baroness Beaumont. The Badsworth, number [illegible] Major B. Tinker [illegible]

THERE is a similar one for the wife which merely alters the genders. Lord Hindlip is thinking of giving one of them to the purser when they go on board. If it is not too late, I gather that Miss Nicholls would rather have cheques and gramophones than anything else.

ANOTHER wedding of the week is Lady Furnivall's, who was formerly married to a naval V.C. At the week-end I was told that she was still rather anxiously awaiting the official annulment of her former marriage from the Vatican. But no doubt it will have arrived in time.

THE recent Bullingdon Club dinner at the Old Barn at Islip, outside Oxford, maintained

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S BALL



...cently at Carlton Towers, Carlton, Yorkshire, the home of ...irty couple of hounds, are under the Joint-Mastership of ...s sister, Miss Tinker

all its reputation for bright spirits. I am only sorry for Mr. Ian Lyle, the golf Blue, who was doing something rather tricky with champagne glasses when his hand slipped and he received a very severe cut across the palm. In view of the proximity of the Varsity Match, this is rather a serious misfortune to incur.

I WAS hearing all about it from Mr. Charles Sweeney, who, partnered by Middleton, played in a match at Sunningdale the following day. Incidentally, it did not surprise me to hear that Middleton got his Blue that evening, as he was four under fours at the hole where the match ended. He is an Old Carthusian, but in view of the extraordinary strength of the Old Carthusian side, he will probably not get a place in the team for the Halford Hewitt cup next month.

IF I can make another reference to golf without encroaching too much on Colonel Elwy Jones's province, I would like to voice a fairly general feeling among golfers about the present refusal of any of the crack amateurs to play in team matches. The reason is that they are afraid of losing a chance of playing in the Walker Cup team. Altogether, it is high time that the selectors produced their list of possibles.

Archduke Eugene of Austria, one of the habitués of the pre-war Monte Carlo, is still a regular visitor to the Principality. He is seen above lunching quietly on the terrace of the Café de Paris

Lieut. Henry Maitland King, R.N., and Miss Barbara Lemière Wells leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is the elder son of Major D. M. King, of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire, and of the late Mrs. King, and the bride is the second daughter of Commander and Mrs. H. L. Wells, of H.M. Coastguard Station, Great Yarmouth

NEXT Tuesday will be the most amusing party given in Lent. This is the Bal Masqué, and I cannot do better than to quote a very quaint letter from one of the Committee which I received lately:—

"I am on the Committee for one of the most original entertainments that has taken place for years. It is a Bal Masqué in aid of the distresses areas . . . the first big party organised since the Prince of Wales's speech at the Albert Hall for the most unfortunate districts in Britain. My uncle told me that he thought you might be interested to hear the details.

"Well, to begin with, the whole show is being organised by young girls . . . how nice! . . . But we really are working like billio, no old fogie stuff will creep in even if a few 'amusing insidences,' do occur owing to our inexpirience.

"IT takes place at Grosvenor House on March 1st, there is a cocktail bar, of cause, and the tickets (only 21s.) include an excellent supper and all-star cabaret arranged by Archie de Bears. There are, of cause, a number

A shooting romance was occasioned by the publishing at the Hotel de Ville, Neuilly, of the banns of marriage between Mr. Raymond de Trafford and Miss Alice Silverthorne, of Chicago, seen above, formerly the Countess Alice de Janze. The announcement recalls the sensational railway carriage drama of some five years ago

DANCE HOSTESSES IN RESTAURANTS

of distinguished patronesses,' but its we who are doing all the work and ballyhoo. Masks and dominoes will be removed at midnight. Tickets are going like wildfire, and the most subtle of supprises are being secretly organised. No introductions are necessary but respectability will be maintained. Some show!"

I shall certainly go.

ONE of our daily contemporaries has discovered that dance hostesses in restaurants generally receive payment from visitors who ask them to dance, and it is so shocked about it that it has published a reproving leading article. Dear me! How alert some of our contemporaries are, to be sure! Dance hostesses have been paid for services rendered for a considerable time, and, all said and done, why should they not be? If a man goes to a restaurant alone and wants to dance, it is scarcely the duty of the restaurant not only to provide him with a partner, who is invariably a pretty and well-dressed young woman who has to spend a good deal of money on her clothes and appearance generally, but to pay the lady in addition.

MOST of us, at least, will think that proprietors have performed their part of the undertaking if they supply her with meals and pay her expenses. Moreover, restaurants to-day are not so flourishing that they can afford to maintain staffs of dance hosts and hostesses at their own expense for the entertaining of isolated guests.

FOR the benefit of the leader writer, however, I may say that if a guest asks a dance partner in a smart restaurant to give him two or three dances, and sends her over a ten shilling or pound note in an envelope, with compliments, by his waiter, he will have satisfied all requirements and probably get away cheaper than if he had taken out a feminine friend.

I WAS asked the other day what particular restaurant I should select for a dinner or supper dance on Saturday nights. I think I should plump without equivocation for the May Fair Hotel. It is true that on Saturday Ambrose's band is broadcasting from eleven until midnight, and some people dislike dancing to a broadcasting band as most of the songs are sung very softly into the microphone, and the dancers lose the benefit of them. However, the dance goes on, and at midnight Ambrose and his company, relieved of their responsibility of entertaining most of the civilised world, relax and the fun grows fast and furious.

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton, who, during his absence in America, have been entertaining a lot at their brother Cecil's house near Salisbury, in Wiltshire. Miss Baba Beaton recently celebrated her twentieth birthday

I WAS interested to observe Elsie Carlisle, the pretty young singer who is also performing at the Bat Club, and who sings refrains during Ambrose's broadcastings, conceal herself when singing behind a little box, which looks for all the world like a small Punch and Judy show. While on the subject of the May Fair

THE CAMPAIGN TO MAKE LONDON THE CENTRE OF THE DRESS WORLD

A view of Ciro's Club last Wednesday during one of four "Singing Mannequin" shows given by Idare, the well-known Society and stage couturière. Below and on the right are some of those present

MR. BOBBY HOWES, WHO PLAYS LEAD IN "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE," AND MISS SLATER

WATCHING THE MANNEQUINS AT CIRO'S

Photographs by Sasha

LADY LINDSAY-HOGG (MISS FRANCES DOBLE, THE ACTRESS) AND MR. TONY O'BRIEN

MRS EDWARD BARON AND MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL

MISS E. LLOYD AND THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND

MR. GORDON-LENNOX AND IDARE (MRS. JACK MITCHELL)

I would like to add a word in praise of the marvellous service and cuisine under the ægis of the "Young Mr. Charles." No wonder the May Fair is always so well patronised.

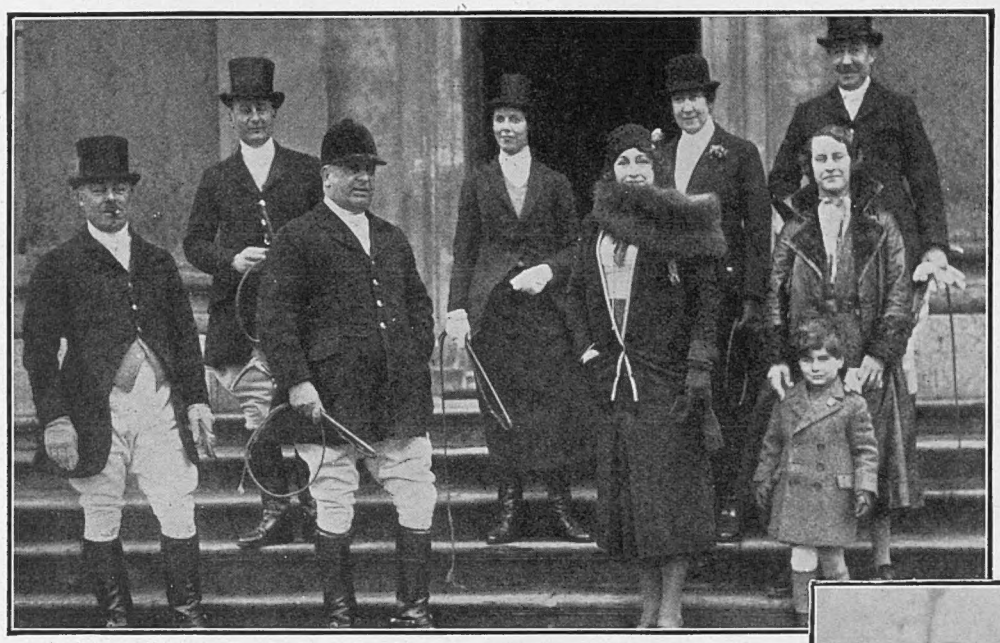
S

QUAGLINO grows more crowded every day. The floor space shrinks farther and farther, and the rattle of conversation increases in volume. The other night Lord Inverclyde was there in one party, and Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam and Lord Zetland in another. Even Lord Beaverbrook, who is socially rather a recluse, was dining there the other night. The most interesting couple on Wednesday was Miss Leonora Wodehouse and Godfrey Winn.

S

CIRO'S, too, was crowded for the Idare dress show. Mrs. Eileen Mitchell—for that is her name in private life—

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK



A photograph taken when the Hampshire Hunt met at Hackwood House recently. Seen from left to right are Lord Basing, Mr. A. L. Duggan, Mr. George Evans, M.F.H., Lady Diana Gibb, the Marchioness Curzon, Viscountess Cantelupe, and Major and Mrs. Greville-Williams

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

PICKPOCKET made his debut over hurdles at Newbury and finished third in a big field. Some useful commissions were placed in the ring, and this promising hurdler will start at a shorter price next time out.

ROMAN GENERAL should be followed up in two-mile chases. A clever jumper, his display at Birmingham when winning was very impressive. Was strongly supported in the market.

EVOLUTION is a vastly improved fencer. Was second to Grakle, the "National" favourite, over three miles three furlongs at Birmingham and was backed each way. This ex-hunter was right there at the last flight and will pay his way in early engagements.

SAUCY BOY was badly baulked and lost valuable ground at Newbury. Carried big wagers, and will be supported with confidence in future. Was second to Afrikander in a two-miles 'chase.

STEP FORWARD has a big pull in weights at Kempton this week, and many good judges consider that he has only to stand up to win. Is very fast.

MERCURY made a gallant effort to lift the spoils at Birmingham, was only caught in the last stride. Confidently backed by some shrewd race followers. One to be on next time out.

Miss Joan Cinnetta Pearson, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. William Anthony Acton, of Wolverton Hall, Pershore. She is the only child of the late Hon. Geoffrey Pearson, and has spent most of her childhood with her grandmother, Annie Viscountess Cowdray

had collected such diverse types as Bobby Howes and Mrs. Howes, Lady Lindsay-Hogg, Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox, and, later on, took them all back to her cottage in Culrosse Street.

HERE Mrs. Howes told of her visit to Grindelwald with Claude Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, and Jack Hulbert. Apparently the snow was very hard—as they all discovered. Miss Courtneidge fell very frequently, and Claude Hulbert more frequently still. In fact, most people who did not know thought he was doing it on purpose. He was not!

LADY LINDSAY-HOGG, otherwise Frances Doble, told a good story against herself at this party. It appears that she had received a message from an admirer at the Royalty Theatre that evening which said: "Darling, you are more marvellous than ever to-night." Unfortunately, the message which was meant to be delivered during the interval reached her before the curtain went up!

M. J. C. de Alkaine, Mrs. Stobart and Lady Furness at a recent meet of the Quorn at Lodge-on-the-Wolds. The cold weather made warm coats a real necessity

IT is a sign of the approaching season that the dates for the Aldershot Tattoo in June have already been chosen. The building of our Empire from the days when Drake sailed

THE NEXT ALDERSHOT TATTOO

away to the New World will be depicted in a series of stirring episodes between June 11 and June 18. The landing of Cook and the planting of the Union Jack in Australia, a Canadian settlement of the early colonisation period surrounded by hostile hordes of Red Indians, and an incident of the Matabeleland Campaign of 1893, when Major Wilson's Shanghai Patrol was wiped out by the Matabele, will figure in the episodes staged in the great arena.

S

BRITISH, French, Zouave, Russian line and Cossack regiments in full-dress uniform of the period will recapture, for a brief span, the atmosphere of the Crimean War in a Tattoo picture of Inkerman, "The Soldiers' Battle." There will also be a Musical Ride and Jumping Display by the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The miserable summer which we endured last year made such functions hazardous ventures at best, and all too often the rain did its worst to damp such proceedings in every sense. Let us hope that next summer will make amends.

S

LORD ALINGTON, who was reported to be in Switzerland last week, has come out in a new rôle—as the impresario of Epstein. There are two hundred of his "Drawings for the Old Testament" to be seen at the Redfern Gallery. The Exhibition opened on Monday, and continues until March 19. Once again Epstein has proved his gift for raising controversies. He is certainly the cleverest publicity man in the country, though I will not go so far as to say he is the cleverest artist!

WITH A YORKSHIRE HUNT

Viscountess Mountgarrett at a recent meet of the York and Ainsty (North) held at Marton, near Boroughbridge. Her husband has been Master of this famous Yorkshire hunt since 1929, and hounds, numbering 35 couples, meet every Monday and Thursday, and usually Saturday

Lasalle

Miss Muriel Buchanan (Mrs. Harold Knowling) as she will appear as Katharina in the "Taming of the Shrew" at the Historical Drama Ball at Grosvenor House to-morrow (Thursday) in aid of the People's League of Health. The only daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Buchanan, G.C.B., she has just completed a new book on Russia entitled "The Dissolution of an Empire"

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

THE Countess de Pret-Roose and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who are essentially very feminine, made a mistake, I think, in their rather large check tweeds. So smart on dark-haired Miss Monica Sheriff, but somehow not quite right on them. The Countess de Pret-Roose is very fond of racing, and is also very lucky.

* * *

"I LIKE seeing a lovely woman sew," a statesman said to me the other day, and I told him that Lady Edward Hay does very fine wool tapestry, and that the Duchess of Sutherland is also a clever needlewoman. Mrs. Armstrong-Jones makes most of her small daughter's frocks, all frills and fine tucking!

* * *

AN indiscreet letter has, I hear, caused a domestic scene, to say the least of it, in a certain almost-royal family. How careless people are with letters, and why put things on paper, anyway?

* * *

I LIKE the way Lady Maud Baillie dresses little Judith for hunting—spurs and a huntsman's velvet cap. The Duchess of Devonshire is devoted to her grandchildren, and David and John Stuart are already fine horsemen.

* * *

LORD COCHRANE OF CULTS, known as "Cocky" to all his friends, is the despair of many fair hearts; so nice and a sportsman, he nevertheless is never "bagged" himself. Lord Fairhaven is another elusive bachelor who has a habit of slipping away; and there is, of course, Lord Sefton—I've mentioned him before, but with no avail.

* * *

ISN'T it strange that men have taken to wearing dinner jackets, even at the smartest places? A few years ago most of them would have been horrified at the idea. I saw Lord Westmorland dancing vigorously in one the other night. Mr. Charlie Baillie-Hamilton never wears a tail coat, nor does Lord Ivor Churchill.

* *

A VERY recently married couple have not been out together for quite a week. She is such a lovely brunette, I can't understand it.

* *

THE Duke of Marlborough is very fond of dancing, and when he has no partner often sits alone in a restaurant watching others dance. He is the only Duke in London at the moment. Sutherland and Manchester are abroad, the Duke of Westminster is in the country, and so is the Duke of Richmond, who, like the Duke of Norfolk, seldom comes to London. The latter is the only eligible amongst them.

Bertram Park

Miss Alfreda Arnold, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Arnold. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. John Shirley, the only son of Colonel Herbert Shirley, C.M.G., M.D. F.R.S., and Mrs. Shirley, and grandson of the late Dame Mary Scharlieb

WHY do people look so awful when photographed at Hunt Balls? The women look miserable or grotesque, and the men self-conscious and slightly tight! One party in particular, but no! . . . silence, like their bank balance, is golden!

* * *

WHY has a certain much-talked-of-just-become-famous beauty got such very scratched shoulders?

* * *

LADY SEAFIELD and her husband are rivalling Madame de Pena in the number and success of their cocktail parties. Lady Mount-Temple's much-talked-of party had rather a formal atmosphere, I thought.

* * *

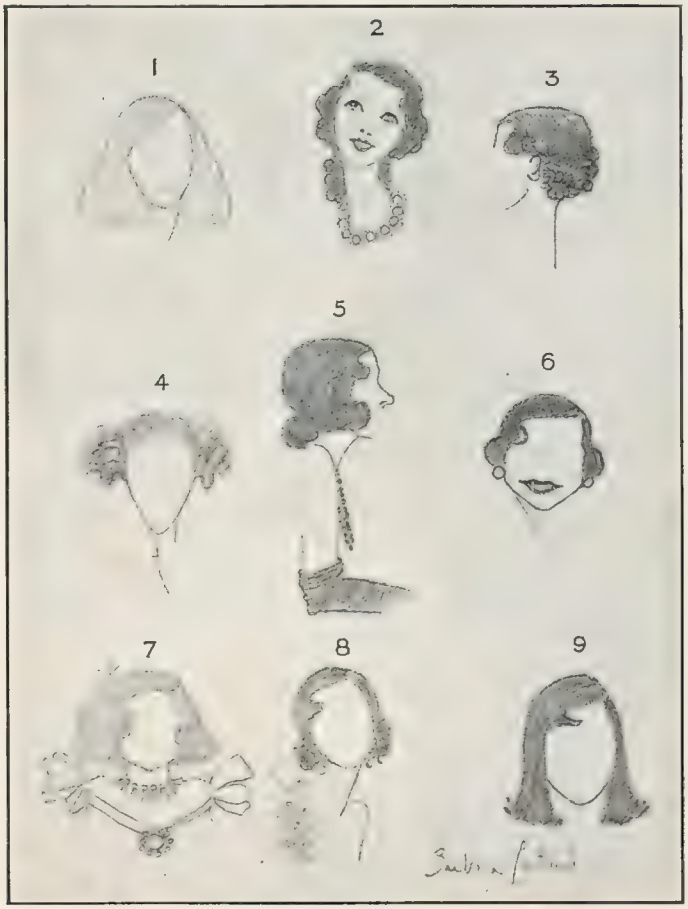
WHY is a certain tall young baronet so bitter about marriage? And surely divorce should be easier?

* * *

MY prize this week goes to Miss Joan Buckmaster, who has a lot of her mother's charm and a nice sense of humour.

* * *

FOLLOWING her successful "Embassy-ites" Competition in our issue of January 6, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, better known as Barbara Cartland, has once again been busy with her pencil, and has now drawn an amusing caricature of well-known "Quaglino-ites." This intriguing little competition will be won by the first reader whose postcard reaches me by the first post on Monday, February 29, containing the correct names, and a cheque for two guineas will be sent to the lucky person. The Editor's decision must remain (as always) final.

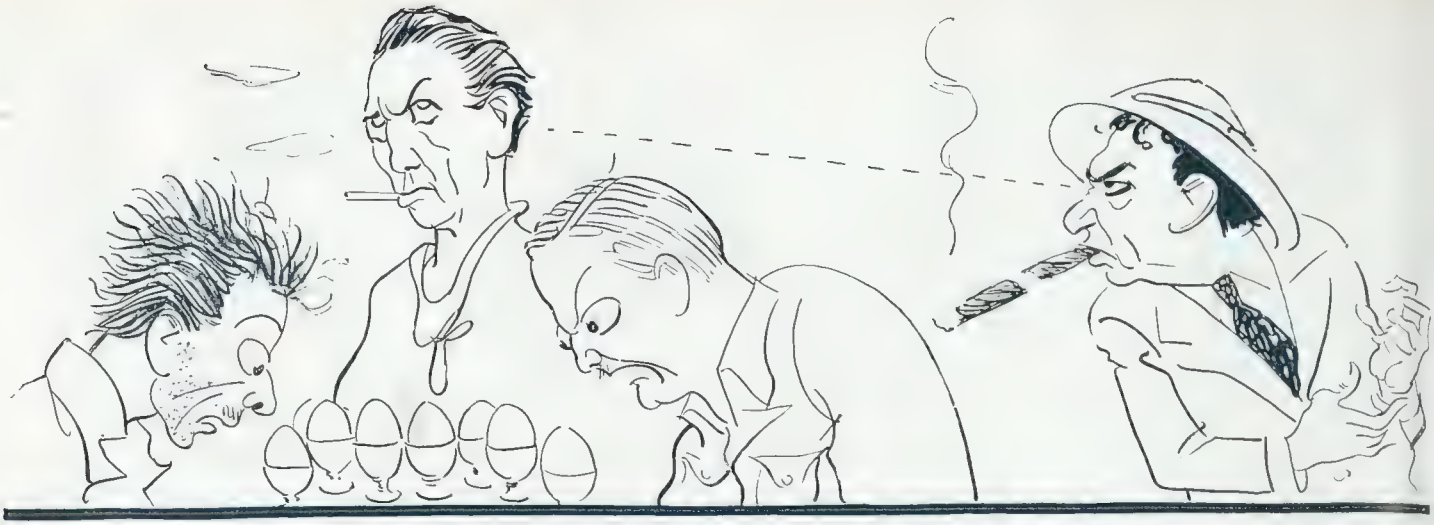


"QUAGLINO—ITES"

Identify the nine ladies seen above, who are well known in Mayfair society, and win £2 2s. Send your solutions to "Caviare," care of "The Bystander." Solutions must reach us by the first post on Monday next, February 29, at the latest

ADRIANNE ALLEN

The clever young English actress who has made very good in America, where she recently scored a big success in "Cynara," in New York, and has now accepted a film contract with Paramount at a salary of £10,000 a year for five years. Her husband, Raymond Massey, proved equally successful in America, and has now left for Hollywood to direct pictures for Universal



Our artist, undeterred by what the dramatic critic will say, insists upon giving his version of "The Green Pack." Three very stupid white men, Mark (Alan Napier), Larry (Gerald du Maurier), and "Tubby" (David Hawthorne), have discovered gold, after months of privation and hard-boiled eggs, for their backer (Franklin Dyall), a wicked financier, a crook, and cigar smoker. Read on across the page

EDGAR WALLACE'S LAST PLAY

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"The Green Pack," at Wyndham's

THE production of this play by the late Edgar Wallace makes me regret the more his untimely death, for though, as is usual in Wallace plays, there is strong meat in it, yet it differs in some respects from any of his previous work, and shows a new side to a talent which might have been developed with advantage to the stage.

THE structure of *The Green Pack* is quite simple. Three men have discovered a mine in which there is gold, thus differing from the cynical definition which states that a gold mine is a hole in the ground owned by a liar. The three adventurers believe themselves to be partners in the enterprise, and are more than peeved on discovering that they have been double-crossed by the financier, who rightly believes that he can fob them off with a few hundreds while retaining millions for himself.

SKETCHES OF "THE GREEN PACK," AT WYNDHAM'S, BY H. H. HARRIS

REVENGE for this dirty work is forgivable, and it takes the form of killing the financier. Each member of the deluded party wishes to have the privilege of doing the deed, and, as they cannot agree, they draw cards from a pack—without bothering about the fact that fifty-two is not equally divisible by three—and he who gets the ace of spades is the lucky one.

THE man most anxious to "bump off" the financier is Larry Deans, because he has an extra grudge against the financier for seducing a girl with whom he is in love; but when the curtain falls for the last time the audience are still left in doubt as to who killed the villain.

THAT nothing but praise should be accorded to the man who did the deed was obvious, but as I left the theatre it looked as if old friendships were being severed in differences of opinion as to whom the author exactly wished us to take off our hats to for ridding the world of a pestiferous person. In that respect this Wallace drama differs from any other from the same pen, for usually nothing whatever is left to the imagination.

The girl (Joan Maude) in a delicate scene misinforms the aforesaid crook (Franklin Dyall) by saying that she is in a delicate situation, and, in consequence, the crook throws up his cigar. Whereupon the three stupid white men (Alan Napier, Gerald du Maurier, and David Hawthorne) choose a green pack of cards to decide by drawing which of them shall put paid to the account of the financier

Larry (Gerald du Maurier) is horrified to find that the girl, "Jackie" (Joan Maude), whom he wishes to marry, has now the eyes of a woman of the world, having been nearly made a femme du monde by the wicked and dissolute financier (Franklin Dyall), whom she does not really love, but found that his ill-gotten gold was a magnet which was powerful enough to attract her

IN yet another way does this play differ from the usual Wallace. Previously action has been paramount and the men in the cast have had most of the "fat." Here the action, though sure, is leisurely, and the author has devoted considerable care and attention to the portraiture of a modern girl, in which self-imposed task he has been eminently successful. It is a full-length portrait, most cleverly painted, and gave Joan Maude far more chance of displaying her skill as an actress than when "Salomeying" in Oscar Wilde.

THE three prospectors are cleverly differentiated. There is the rather stupid "Tubby" Storman of David Hawthorne, the dreamy Mark Elliot of Alan Napier, and the incisive leader of the party, Larry Deans, played by Gerald du Maurier, who, whether suggesting a murder or in his love scenes, endows the part with clever and subtle touches.

THE mistake of over-playing was avoided by Franklin Dyall as the financier. He was made sufficiently odious by the author without the actor having to stress the fact; while J. H. Roberts, as a doctor, who prescribes himself whisky, and Jessie Winter, the parents of the girl with whom Larry was in love, provided some of the lighter comedy neatly and cleverly.

"Sentenced," at the Comedy

THIS play by Harold Simpson is about a judge who, in his younger days, shot his mistress. At a later date he presides over the trial of a man accused of the murder. Naturally, he sums up dead against conviction, but a chuckle-headed jury bring in a verdict of guilty, and the man who has been elevated to the bench has to pronounce a sentence which would elevate the prisoner by the neck had he not been pronounced insane.

THIS is melodrama plain and unabashed; but it differs from the ordinary brand in that cinema construction has been employed and we dash to and fro across the ages in the unfolding of a good story. It also differs from the ordinary in that all the clear-cut scenes, such as the meeting of the judge with the escaped lunatic, the shooting of the woman, and others equally gripping, are written with a polish far removed from transpontine.

PERSONALLY, my preference lies with straightforward telling, and I believe this play would gain rather than lose by being presented thus; but here I may be in the minority. Where there can be no difference of opinion is in suggesting that the acting of Frank Cellier as the judge would be hard to beat, and that he is admirably supported by Ion Swinley as the lunatic, Cathleen Nesbitt as the devoted wife, and Sunday Wilshin as the cast-off mistress. V. W.

The safety curtain will now be dropped on who picked the fatal card and bumped off the dirty dog, and attention is turned to a Doctor and his wife (J. H. Roberts and Jessie Winter). It may be added that the artist's impressions as written did not include the names of the cast, which the dramatic critic has added just in case they will not be recognised!

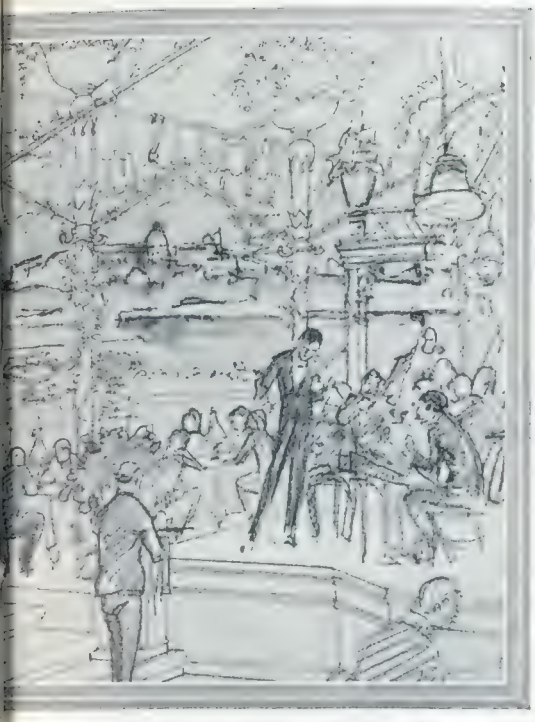
AN AMERICAN WELTER OF SENTIMENT

The Prima Donna, Nella Vago (Gloria Swanson), rehearsing with her Hungarian music master, Rudig (Ferdinand Gottschalk), in a scene from the United Artists' picture, "To-night or Never," based on David Belasco's successful stage play of that name. It will doubtless interest the female section of the audience to learn that Gloria Swanson's dresses were designed and executed by Chanel

An elaborate sketch made for the restaurant scene, which i United Artists' film starring Gloria Swanson and direct

When America really sets her mind to it she can produce more sentimental rubbish to the celluloid yard than can talkie producers in any other country. The above scene from "To-night or Never," showing the Prima Donna (Gloria Swanson) leaving the opera house at Venice wrapped in furs, carrying an enormous bouquet, and being idolised by a herd of handsome male admirers, certainly takes a lot of beating in this respect!

MONTE CARLO THROUGH GERMAN EYES



one of the most spectacular in "To-night or Never," the new by Mervyn Leroy. It has its première at the Tivoli this month

A remarkably clever representation of Monte Carlo's Roulette Casino seen in the new Ufa film, "Monte Carlo Madness." As is the case with most German films, a meticulous application to detail stamps the scenes with verisimilitude

Left: The restaurant scene, the sketch of which appears above, faithfully reproduced in "To-Night or Never" The settings for this new talkie were designed by Will Pogany

Left: Two of the principals in the new Ufa film, "Monte Carlo Madness," re-released by Pathé, exchange confidences. They are Hans Albers and Sari Maritza

A lovers' dream amidst the nightmare of the skyscrapers. Billie Dove and Charles Serrett find a roof garden to be the ideal setting in which to plight their troth in a scene with a distinctly modern setting in "The Age for Love." This talkie version, produced by Frank Lloyd, of the popular novel by Ernest Pascal started its West End run at the New Gallery last week

BY STARR WOOD

"Galatea! I hope to goodness she won't come to life while I'm here!"

By A. R. Cane

"Jack is one boy in a hundred"
"Does he know he's competing with so many?"

if Gossip we must

It is not only from the point of view of the operatic enthusiast that I consider the cancellation of the summer season at Covent Garden this year a vast pity. Music lovers who are genuinely fond of opera (there are plenty of them, even among the busy rich) will either go off to Bayreuth and Salzburg if they can afford it, thereby taking money out of the country, or they will stop at home and just go without. London is the most brilliant capital in the world, and it is the only one which has a "season."

The opera is an important part of that season (the fact that it is a social function does not diminish its musical value), and if London is to attract the foreign visitor it cannot afford to give up any of its assets, let alone so prominent a one as this. At present the exchange favours the visitors, and yet this is the very year when one of the things likely to attract them is knocked off—a misfortune which the authorities of the "Come to Britain" movement seem to regard with equanimity, for I have come across no protest from them or even a comment on the position.

The Covent Garden authorities are not to blame. They are right in fearing to risk a heavy loss; for experience has taught them only too well that, with few exceptions, they will receive little encouragement from the Press, which has consistently gone out of its way to magnify this organisation's faults and to minimise its very real achievements. This is done partly through spite, wangling, wheels within wheels, and petty (and often petticoat) interference, and partly through crass and utter ignorance, for the musical critics who know anything at all about opera could be counted on the fingers of one hand, without using the thumb. It was laudable in a sense for Covent Garden to declare it would not use the subsidy for an international season with foreigners engaged in it. But my opinion is that they would have been fully justified in doing so. The chorus, orchestra, staff, stage-hands, and many of the solo singers in such a season are British. In any case, opera in London is part and parcel of a very necessary national window-dressing.

Other capitals have State-subsidised opera, and as much for propaganda as for any other reason. It is a grave reproach that in the summer, when London should be at the zenith of its allurement, one of its historic functions should be abandoned and that this should be the only

THE KISS

A close-up of those famous lovers of mythology, Helen and Paris, as played by Evelyn Laye and Bruce Carfax in "Helen!" at the Adelphi

Janet Jevons

civilised capital in a similar predicament.

ONE last point. Some people have asked why a "Grand" season cannot be given at Covent Garden in the summer by an all-British company? The answer is that it would not be grand enough. Opera is essentially a cosmopolitan thing, and the ideal company has to be drawn from singers of every nation—and the best available. Some of these singers are often British; it will be long before the name of Melba is forgotten. But to limit a season to our own folk inevitably means mediocrity, just as it would if only Germans, only French, or only Italians were employed, though it stands to reason that, on the whole, Germans sing Wagner rather better than anyone else, and Italians Verdi and Puccini. Protests in this connection against engaging foreign artists are all poppycock. A foreign star in grand opera sings, at most, half a dozen times in the course of the season. But a foreign star in light opera will often sing in London for a whole year, without anyone commenting on the fact. Here, indeed, is a case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, though I have rarely found an operatic tenor or soprano to be gnat-like.

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Marcia de Silva, the charming young Cingalese girl, whose father is a prominent member of the Ceylon States Council, who was presented at Court by Lady Parmoor in 1930. She is staying in London, where she is collecting material for a series of articles, and is seen about everywhere

EVEN the most worthy of charities will not induce the authorities to relax the restrictions which make Sunday in London a day of dreadful gloom. Captain H. J. Buckmaster is interested in clubs for East End boys, a scheme to which the Prince of Wales has given his patronage. These clubs have a very real value, not only because they bring happiness and some interest into lives which otherwise might be pretty sordid, but because, by giving the lads an opportunity for playing games, boxing, etc., they learn something about sportsmanship and are saved from drifting into crime or Bolshevism (which comes to much the same thing).

But such clubs require funds, and, in order to get them, entertainments have to be organised. The authorities, in their infinite wisdom, are so far removed from assisting a scheme which is on the side of law and order that they put obstacles in its way.

These entertainments have to be fixed for a Sunday night, for only on that night are kindly theatrical folk free to take part in them. Last year Captain Buckmaster organised one of the shows at the May Fair Hotel. £500 was raised. Maurice Chevalier, Violet Loraine, and other favourites appeared—and the police refused an extension. So the evening had to fizzle out at 10 p.m. This year he is organising another "do"

A photograph taken at Ashridge, the beautiful house at Berkhamsted w re-equipped and is now the Bonar Law College. Mr. Baldwin, the Leader o some of the new M.P.'s and others with whom the former spent a week-end rec left of the fireplace are: Mrs. G. Gledhill, Miss F. G. Horsburgh, L right of the fireplace includes Lady Bowyer, Sir John Sandeman A

BY ALFRED LEETE

"In case we land in America, partner, I play the 'Forcing Two' convention"

hanks to the generosity of the late Mr. Urban Broughton, has been completely Conservative Party, and Lord Stonehaven, the Chairman, are seen with o become personally acquainted with them. Included in the group on the Greenwood, Mrs. C. H. Runge, and Lady Greenwood. The group on the Mrs. H. B. Tate, Mr. Bolton, and Mr. E. Brocklebank

of the same kind for Sunday next (the 28th), also at the May Fair. The Superintendent of C Division (Vine Street) has again flatly and, quite unreasonably, refused an extension. Only one hour was asked for. The wicked captain and his wicked friends (who, in that they are, by turning into good citizens boys who have every temptation to become criminals, helping the police and saving them a lot of trouble for the future) did not request the continuation of the function after 11 p.m. But no; it is not to be. The Superintendent of the C Division thinks that we all ought to pack up and go to bed at 10 o'clock on Sunday nights, and that is that.

I WONDER what the famous Lord Brougham, who nearly a hundred years ago installed himself and his invalid daughter at Cannes and thus had the first hand in transforming it from a small fishing village into a fashionable resort, would have said had he been told that a day would come when it would be possible to reach the South of France from London in seven hours only. Yet that is the time it takes in an aeroplane of the Air Union, who have just started a daily service. You set out from Croydon at 9 a.m., and, changing into a Rapid Azur machine at Lyons, you are at the Cannes aerodrome, which is just by the golf-course, at 4.30.

To those who start the "Buy British" business I would point out that Cannes, with a century of this country's influence behind it, has a great deal of British capital invested in its hotels, shops, and amusements. Further, the Air Union, though a French concern, employs plenty of British labour and uses nearly the whole of its receipts in London for its expenses here. Its subsidy from the French Government supplies the balance, so one may enjoy the satisfaction, if one is built that way, of feeling that part of the expenses of one's journey is paid for by the French taxpayer.

THE tiny band of Free Trade stalwarts put up a very poor show at the second reading of the Imports Duties Bill. Not that it is a perfect Bill by a long chalk. The list of exemptions is much too large. Just as no theatre can pay its way when there are too many dead-heads, so will this country be unable to pay its way as long as there is too big a free list. This particularly applies to the farmer, who is at present vastly

A WEIGHTY MATTER

Miss Ursula Jeans refuses to obey the film photographers, who tell her that it is essential for her to fatten-up. "The warning does not worry me," she said "I know what film fans prefer."

No, I do not agree
That the film fans will cease
To admire little me
If I don't grow obese,
And I boldly declare
I won't eat till my sashes
In their size can compare
With, say, dear Oscar Asche's.

Though producers may plead
That I loosen my belt,
I shan't pay the least heed
For I mean to keep svelte
And as slim as I can,
For allow me to state
It's a very bad plan
To start putting on weight!

Yes, the public delight
(And I know I'm not wrong),
In a girl who is slight
And without ong-bong-pong,
For I know in my heart
It is very true that
I shall get a "fat" part
If I part with my fat!

B. W

Paul Tanqueray

Chita, the brilliant little dancer who, with her partner, Matt Duffin, recently completed a most successful season at the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo. She has since been appearing in cabaret at the Savoy and dancing at the Palladium and is now at the Victoria Palace

The "Beauty Queens" of the different countries seen at Nice, where the solemn farce of electing "Miss Europe" was duly enacted. "Miss Denmark," seen in the left-hand circle, was duly elected from the competitors, among whom is "Miss England," who scarcely epitomises English beauty, seen in the right-hand circle. Although these girls are supposed to be the crème de la crème of European beauty, one would not need to walk far to find a score of girls to beat the bunch!

disappointed, for he sees the longed-for help vanishing to nothing, or to almost nothing. Sir John Gilmour may do something—and he may not. Frankly, I am not sanguine as far as that quarter is concerned.

But it is to be hoped that neither Sir John, nor anyone else, will be frightened by the attempts of the anti-Protectionists to terrorise all who disagree with their outworn theories. They are on that tack already. They are telling us that exorbitant prices and starvation inevitably await us. A woman writing in the *Daily Herald* (conveniently oblivious of the fact that the Labour Party, and in particular the Trades Union section of it, were in favour of a tariff when it suited their book to proclaim this doctrine) has even suggested that housewives should loudly preach the iniquities of Protection when actually making their purchases—which would certainly add fun to the Saturday shopping, if it did nothing else. But all this bogy-bogy business will not work. Free Trade has been given a long and disastrous trial and has failed. The case for Protection is unanswerable.

Men—or at any rate young men—appear to be quite as easily influenced by new dress fashions as are their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, but whereas the latter take their cue direct from the leading dress designers, the former would appear to study the sartorial tastes of our Royal Princes. Within twenty-four hours of the Prince of Wales being seen in Bond Street wearing a blue silk scarf dotted in white the West End haberdashers were inundated with requests for similar scarves, and within a week they were to be seen all over the country. Which was all to the good of the shopkeepers concerned.

Not so happy, however, is the lot of the tailor who is a stickler for sartorial etiquette, for it was recently reported that Prince George had attended a cocktail party wearing a plum-coloured pullover with his lounge suit. Loyalty debarred Savile Row from speaking its mind too bluntly concerning the innovation, but many leading tailors allowed themselves the consolation of a soul-sob over this breaking away from strict dress convention. Actually, Prince George's action will be welcomed by the vast number of men who are always complaining about the drab uniformity of men's dress, and, indeed, anything which tends to add a touch of brightness should be doubly welcomed in these days which are in themselves dull enough in all conscience.

Walter Bird

Joan Maude, who is playing in "The Green Pack" at Wyndham's Theatre. She plays the part of Jacqueline Thurston in this, the last play written by Edgar Wallace

By Frank Ford

"Have you got the right hat, coat, and umbrella, sir?"
"No, thank you!"

Débutantes of the Year

("The Bystander's" First List. See also page 360)

Bassano

Miss Lilian Chaytor, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Chaytor, Bart., and Lady Chaytor. Lady Chaytor is preparing for an airplane expedition to Australia

Bassano

Miss Margaret Erskine, third daughter of Sir William Erskine, Bart., and Lady Erskine. Sir William has been our Ambassador to Poland since 1929

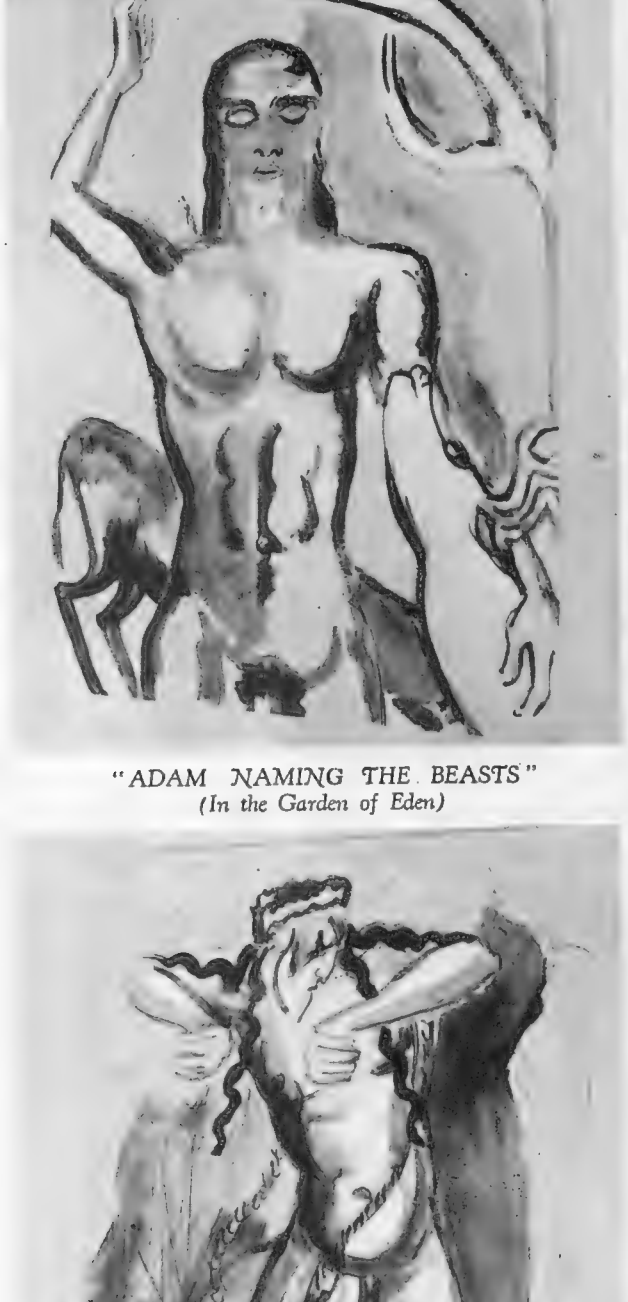
Hay Wrightson

Miss Diana Betterton, elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Betterton, Bart., Minister for Labour in the National Government, and Lady Betterton. The family seat is at Roydon, Ware, Herts

Paul Tanqueray

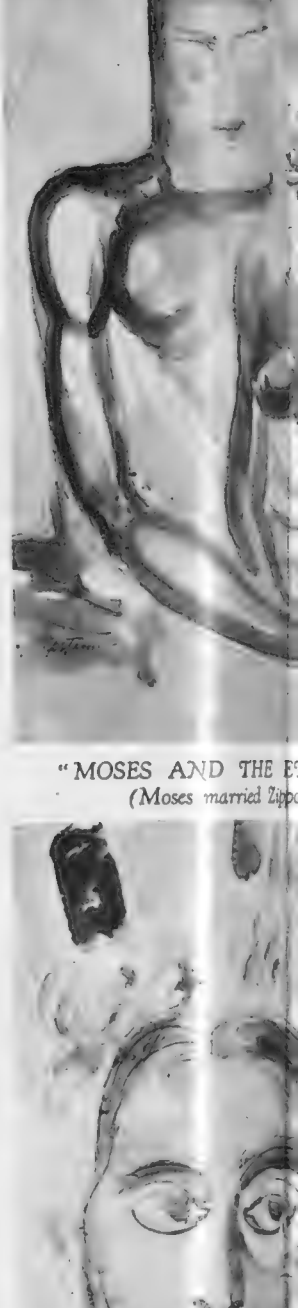
Lady Pamela Smith, younger daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead and Lady Birkenhead. Unlike her sister, Lady Eleanor, she has not adopted literature, but is an active figure in the social world

IS EPSTEIN AN ARTIST? ASTOUNDING NI

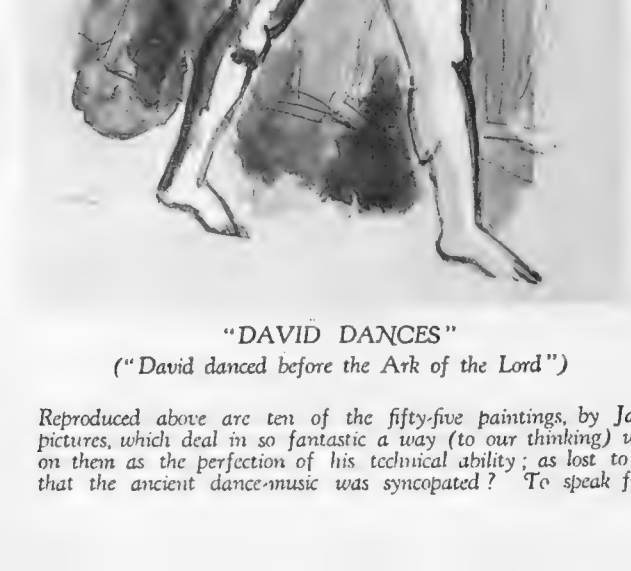


"ADAM NAMING THE BEASTS"
(In the Garden of Eden)

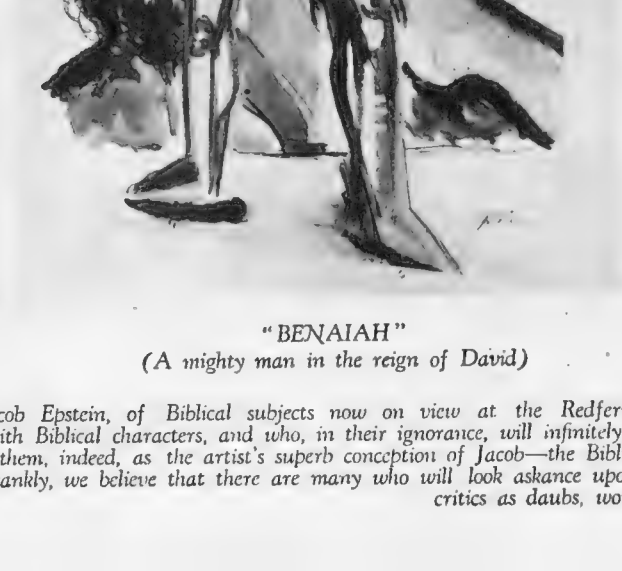
"JACOB WRESTLING"
(This refers to Jacob wrestling with God at Jabbor)



"MOSES AND THE E
(Moses married Zipp



"DAVID DANCES"
("David danced before the Ark of the Lord")



"BENAIAH"
(A mighty man in the reign of David)

"TERRIBLE AS AN ARM
(Songs of S

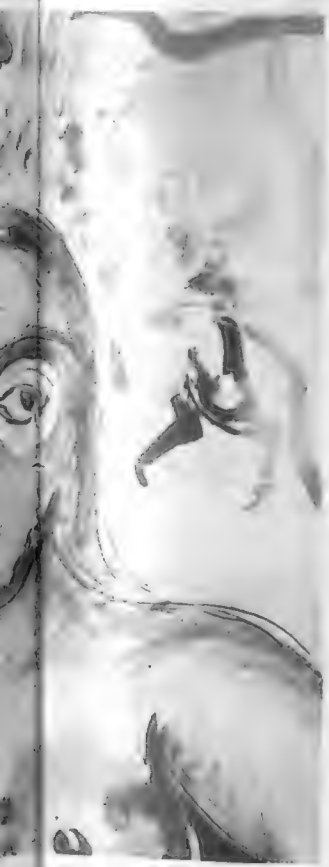
Reproduced above are ten of the fifty-five paintings, by Jacob Epstein, of Biblical subjects now on view at the Redfern Gallery. Strange as it may ap pictures, which deal in so fantastic a way (to our thinking) with Biblical characters, and who, in their ignorance, will infinitely prefer the treatment of the old mas on them as the perfection of his technical ability; as lost to them, indeed, as the artist's superb conception of Jacob—the Biblical one, and not Epstein—wrestling that the ancient dance-music was syncopated? To speak frankly, we believe that there are many who will look askance upon these conceptions of Biblical figures critics as daubs, would have as little chance of being

NEW BIBLE "STUDIES" IN WATER-COLOURS

"THE ETHIOPIAN WOMAN"
(Zipporah, an Ethiopian)

"THE SONGS OF SOLOMON"
(His allusions to "the Beloved" are said to be allegorical)

"SOLOMON"
("Arrayed in all his glory")



"AN ARMY WITH BANNERS"
(Songs of Solomon)

"LEAH"
(With Reuben on her knee and Jacob and Rachel behind)

"RACHEL"
(Who inspired love in Jacob at first sight; with the concubine, Bilah, in the background)

...may appear to real art-lovers, there are, perhaps, some Philistines—including ourselves—who will be unable to discover the beauty, both spiritual and physical, of these ...old masters. To these benighted folk, the beauty of Epstein's idea—incorporated in another of his pictures, showing a Negroid Adam and a white Eve—may be as lost ...wrestling with God, reproduced above. Is there not also much to be learnt from the picture in the lower left-hand of "David Dances"? Does this not suggest ...mal forces, and who can appreciate art sufficiently to realise that, had not Jacob Epstein thrown "marbles" in the faces of the public, these pictures, described by some ...have exhibited as the scribblings of a fourth-form schoolboy

INTERESTING DÉBUTANTES of the YEAR

Lenare

Miss Noel Orr, one of the many attractive young people who will make her curtsey at one of the Courts during the Season. She is the daughter of Mrs. Pelham Cochran

Miss Ann Savill, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Savill, another of this year's débutantes. A keen horsewoman, she hunts with the New Forest

Miss Christian Pike, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel E. J. L. Pike, M.C., and of Mrs. Pike. Her mother is well known in the world of Art under the name of Olive Snell

Miss Esmée Lowther, only daughter of Sir Crofton Lowther, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., and Lady Lowther, of Maidstone, Kent. Sir Crofton was for many years in the Diplomatic Service and previous to retiring was British Minister at Copenhagen, 1913-16

Lady Elizabeth Murray, younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., and the Countess of Dunmore, and sister of Viscount Fincastle and Lady Marjorie Stirling. Her father, in addition to distinguished military service, was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Sara Carola Vanneck, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, of Landford Lodge, Salisbury. Her father, before his elevation to the Peerage, sat for the Eye Division of Suffolk, and her grandfather was the late Judge Ernest Crosby, of New York

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Bubble Reputation

by Anne Abercromby

ARNOLD DIXON, legs stretched wide before the wardrobe mirror, contended resolutely with the whimsies of an evening tie, while every now and then he glanced furtively at the reflection of his wife arranging and rearranging the ropes of emphatic pearls across the plateau of her brassière-bound bosom. The hotel bedroom was filled with the mirk of the October evening, and stank, moreover, of luggage and the dust of plenteous velvet window draperies. It was, indeed, as unfriendly a spot of bogus grandeur as one could wish to find, from the cold brass of its twin bedsteads to the cakes of ironic soap on the washstand, and Arnold gave an involuntary shudder which shook his round, pouchy cheeks and made him feel quite sick. To counteract this regrettable effect of Mr. Maple's best intentions he swallowed and, in a higher voice than was natural to him, announced with careful casualness:

"Shall have to knock off the theatre tonight . . . have to run a car out on trial . . . rather a good customer."

Daisy Dixon turned heavily and eyed the back of her husband with the animosity displayed by most good women for a chaste and chastened spouse. She was plain, plump, and overdressed, with small brown eyes of a vindictive sheen and a pale, complacent mouth.

"And when did you hear of this?"

"Found a message waiting for me."

"Anyone I know?"

"No."

Daisy smiled disagreeably:

"You needn't trouble to be so secretive; I'm not going to bore myself by following *you* round London—*you'd* be safe enough anywhere!"

To this gibe Arnold said nothing for fear of saying too much, and, with considerable exertion, wormed himself into his dinner jacket. Safe, was he? A dull, stupid old bore? Very well, so be it; wives had been mistaken before now and would be again. Just because they saw one unshaved, shuffling about in shrunken underwear, they assumed one's sex appeal was as nil to others as it was to themselves—they who had systematically repressed one on the grounds of their own genteel delicacy, preferring the vicarious thrills supplied by highly spiced literature to the diffident overtures of well-meaning little men.

FOR many a long year Arnold Dixon had nursed resentment against his wife's constantly implied contempt, and longed, with passionate self-suppression, to prove to her that he was not a fat and stupid fool who had blundered into the motor trade to make money by a series of the sheerest flukes—nor an object at which no woman in her senses would look twice. Not on your life! He was just as much a man as Don Juan—given the same chance.

The difficulty had always been to get the chance, since two decades of Daisy's unvarying derision had rendered Arnold's inferiority complex not only chronic, but evident to the most casual observer. For example, there had been the unfortunate incident in Leicester Square during the 1929 Motor Show, when Daisy had been down with influenza and unable to accompany him. A lovely little lady in a dusty beret, and dustier curls, had called out after him: "Good-night, daddy—mammy's waiting up for you!" Arnold had blushed at the dreadful memory in his bath every morning for months, burying his face in the sponge.

AND yet, listening to the hectic tales of his compeers at the Norchester Conservative Club, there should not have been the least difficulty in prospering the most unprintable amours. Nowadays, one could but presume, no one was faithful as he had been faithful to Daisy. Bedrooms had ceased to be the private preserve of the married, and the war which was to end war had only succeeded in ending morality. Yet here was he, Arnold Dixon, of the Cyclone Motor Company, aged fifty-five, height five-foot five, weight more-than-it-ought-to-have-been, and all he had done in proof of his manhood was to have his cheek slapped by his own kitchen-maid in his own coal-house. It was ridiculous, insupportable, and, obscurely, all that damned Daisy's fault.

But at last the chance, long-waited, had come. Quite unexpectedly, as all the best things happen in life, without time for preparation or funk, in fact so naturally that it revived one's faith in Providence. Under the very nose of Daisy, too, knitting a supremely moral grey sock in her corner of the first-class compartment in which they were travelling to London. At Beauty's belated and somewhat impetuous entrance she had cast her an oblique glance, summing her up mentally as one of those lilies-of-the-field who have bouquets presented to them for opening bazaars to which they have not contributed one stitch, and, very properly, promptly dismissing her as beneath both notice and contempt.

Far otherwise was it with Arnold! He had never dreamt, never thought it remotely possible, that anything so perfect could exist as this dear object of his round-eyed gaze. He stared, not caring a button if trouble ensued with Daisy later on, counting whole poundsworths' of tuppences well lost so long as his optical feast suffered no hindrance.

AND what of Beauty? Did she care if a funny little man ogled her? Not she! Had he been handsome it might have presented a problem, but pug-nosed plainness can be answered in one. Thus supreme indifference preserved Beauty, her maize-gold hair

Illustrated by A. W. KNOTT

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

waving distractedly beneath an undoubtedly rakish beret, her small, pointed profile as placid as you please; while Arnold, in a mesmeric trance, wished himself in a circle train endowed with perpetual motion. Could she really be of the same species as Daisy? With four little toes on each foot and two big ones? Was it possible that some man was privileged to hang his dressing-gown behind her bedroom door? The slender gold ring implied as much as it slipped up and down on her finger with a delightful hint of insecurity to the predatory male, but with how much agonising anxiety to her husband?

On rushed the express, time lagging far behind, until it came to pass that an idiosyncrasy of Daisy's, combined with an erroneous assumption on the part of the dining-car attendant, put the finishing touch to Arnold's happiness, and he and Beauty lunched together at a table for two! Daisy, in blissful oblivion, munching sandwiches in a deserted compartment to avoid ptomaine poisoning. The simplicity of the thing was laughable! He remembered, with illumination, how he had schemed to beset the kitchenmaid on her way to the coal-house—how he had dawdled down Piccadilly and lingered in Leicester Square, making the fatal mistake of affronting Fate by taking matters into his own hands . . . no wonder he had met with no success!

Beauty's boredom undoubtedly lifted a shade as she encountered Arnold's protuberant eyes at closer range, and a flicker of amusement disturbed the calm of her glance. Odd little man! And what a tie! Zipp would have called it a howling howl of a tie, raised an eyebrow, released his monocle, and turned an outraged shoulder on its palpably plebeian wearer. Beauty was kinder.

"Motor Show?" she threw out, with casual friendliness.

ARNOLD nearly jumped out of his skin at the exquisitely toned, inimitably slurred words. The most he had dared anticipate was an exchange of strict formalities over the need, or superfluity, of condiments to the feast.

"Yes—*we* have a stand."

"No? Then you make motors?"

He nodded, trying not to look as important as he felt.

"That's right—Cyclones."

Beauty, who barely recognised anything less than a Rolls, smiled confidently.

"Not a better car on the market, and miles ahead of others."

"Think so?" he answered, tremendously flattered.

"You must know it," returned Beauty, whose knowledge of men included all makes.

"Well, between you and me . . ." and Arnold launched forth at great length on the super-excellence of Cyclones, their internal wonders, external splendours, and eternal popularity—while Beauty listened as only beauty can listen, and as Daisy had never once listened in all their married life together. Not once.

"Look here," he said at last, pushing his coffee cup away, "let me take you out for a run. I can get our latest model from the agents any time to-morrow."

He was like an eager baby with his round blue eyes and flushed face, the lines of his mouth very expressive of his feelings, whatever they might be, because of that secret lack of faith in himself for which Daisy was responsible. Beauty hated to disappoint him, and she touched up her lips with delicate regret.

"You see, I'm going abroad to-morrow."

"Oh . . ." abysmal dejection wailed in the monosyllable. It was more than Beauty could bear.

"You couldn't manage this evening, could you?"

Zipp would be furious. He was capable of jealousy of his own shadow if it reached her feet before he reached her arms.

"Nine o'clock do?"

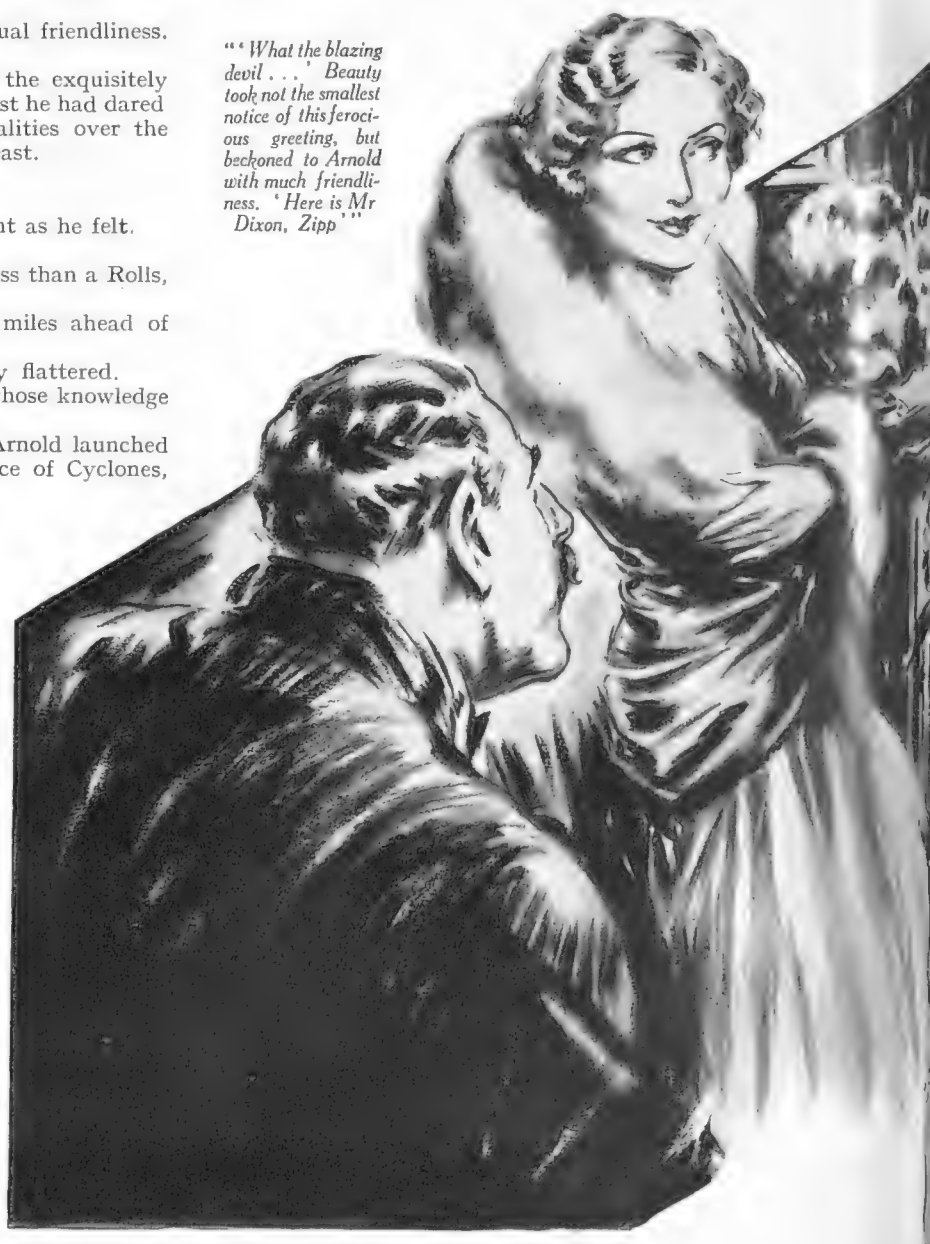
"Rather—the address is 8, Coventry Square—and the name Crewe. But I shall be watching for you. . . ."

AND truly, the Cyclone had barely come to a standstill outside No. 8 when the door opened chinkily—after the manner of a door which knows how to keep a secret—and out into the night fled Beauty, most intimately bareheaded and with a general air of very charming truancy about her. Arnold, who had been suffering all the tortures of nervousness known to innocents who embark on clandestine adventure without the courage of their convictions, felt his agony had not been in vain, and called his nerves to order with a deep breath. She really was quite exquisite! He dared not look at her too closely, yet, because she was so near him—near enough for a wisp of her frock to have fallen across his knee—but he managed to glean a very moving impression of sweet-scented loveliness mixed with a hint of go-ahead recklessness which had not been so evident on the train.

"Where?" he asked, with a terse carelessness which he felt to be a distinct achievement.

"Somewhere quiet where we can let her rip . . . away out of London . . . anywhere, everywhere . . . that's how I feel to-night!" she replied, remembering the ardour of Zipp's welcome, the fierceness of his love which she had met with a little cool smile because she would have him fiercer yet . . . and yet . . . and yet!

"Right!" and away went the Cyclone out into the country where the roads were dry, the sky clear and moonlit, and the car's performance well worthy of her advertisements as the miles shot neatly under her bonnet and streamed out behind like ribbon unrolled by an expert hand.



"'What the blazing devil . . .' Beauty took not the smallest notice of this ferocious greeting, but beckoned to Arnold with much friendliness. 'Here is Mr Dixon, Zipp'"

"Very good," approved Beauty, "may I take her for a stretch?"

"Of course!"

ARNOLD drew in by the roadside, and since it seemed to him to be a very good thing to be sitting in the quietness beside Beauty, undisturbed by the sound of the engine and the rushing wind, quite alone in the silvery darkness, he began to talk to her in his comfortable Midland voice on the subject which interested him most—the design and manufacture of motors. And Beauty listened as she had listened before, with no intelligence but much appreciation of the unappreciated loveableness of the little man. She was ever so glad she had pleased him by going out in a car in which Zipp would not have been seen dead—but then Zipp was a confounded snob over wines and ties and cars. He had been bred that way. He had a high-bridged nose and an unquestionable chin, and had been seriously annoyed over her piffling engagement with a middle-aged motor manufacturer she had picked up quite unnecessarily—if,

indeed, she were speaking the truth and not camouflaging a more dangerous affair. He had sulked all through dinner and shut himself savagely into the smoke-room afterwards—poor Zipp! It would be needful to placate Zipp, to measure out more than a cool little smile, to be sweet and loving to Zipp . . . Beauty went off into a dream of almost suffocating tenderness, and when she emerged it was to discover Arnold winding up his peroration in the fond belief that his eloquence had held her spell-bound.

"And that's why no car on the market can beat a Cyclone at the price—stands to reason."

"Rather!"

"Aye, it stands to reason—now compare a Humber, or if you prefer it a Vauxhall . . ."

Beauty interrupted hastily.

"It's been awfully good of you to take me out like this—I hope your wife didn't mind?"

"Why should she?"

There was a fall in his voice not lost upon his hearer, and a strained wistfulness had crept over the blunt profile staring down the road stretched out before them, which gradually grew narrower and narrower until it disappeared in the dark shadows of a distant wood. A flat, ordinary road without a turning, with hardly a dip or a rise; a road of deadly monotony and maddening uniformity. Beauty felt disturbed . . . that endless road, and the little commonplace man who stared at it. Did he see in it what she saw? She wanted to comfort him, but how?

"It looks dull?" she began, speaking in that wonderful way of hers which made every word into something rather lovely. "But you never know when a rabbit's going to dodge across, or an owl sit on a gate and blink at your head-lights."

He turned and looked at her. The gleam of her hair seemed to illumine the darkness, and she had thrown back her wrap so that he saw how her pearls hung loosely between the brooding tenderness of her breasts. . . .

"You know," he confessed, huskily, "I've never seen anything so lovely as you . . . never! Daisy always says I'm a fool, and maybe you think me one, too . . . to come out like this, and you young enough to be my daughter."

Beauty touched his hand impulsively.

"I think you're a dear!"

"Really?"

"Honour bright."

"And not old enough to know better?"

"No man ever is."

"I feel so ashamed," he pursued, "when I remember what I meant to do . . . kiss you, and all that sort of tommyrot vulgarity."

"To kiss me," answered Beauty, "is never vulgar—would you . . .?"

"You're sure you don't mind?"

Beauty shook her head. Arnold took out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth, stroked back the wings of his scanty moustache, cleared his throat, and generally prepared himself with much tact for the act he was about to perform.

"Your husband . . .?"

"It's no concern of Zipp's," she returned calmly. "He was not the first, nor will he be the last to kiss me."

Arnold, essentially decent, felt a slight, very slight chilliness assail his spine.

"Are you . . . are you often kissed?"

"As often as not," returned Beauty, with the most astounding coolness, considering the nature of the avowal. The chilliness was succeeded by a wave of hot discomfort which made Arnold's very finger-tips tingle . . . and there she was, leaning towards him, her petal-soft face raised, her lips not quite closed, waiting . . . waiting to be kissed. It was quite the most dreadful moment in Arnold's life, and he found himself wishing with the most desperate urgency that she would tell him to run along home to mammy, or even slap his cheek—anything, anthing rather than this shattering intimacy which meant nothing to her, inured to the casual indiffer-

(Continued on page 376)

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

Thank goodness, women are at last deciding to wear their hair in a way that suits them, instead of just wearing it like everybody else's. The result has been that any number of new coiffures have suddenly become fashionable during the last week or two. A few nights ago at Quaglino's at least a dozen of the smartest women in the room were all wearing fringes—not just the straight page-boy fringe, but light little curly, frizzed, or waved fringes. Mrs. Gordon Claridge, who was also there that evening, is one of the few women whose dark hair has one natural white streak. She brushes this across the top of her head, and it looks a great deal smarter than the platinum blonde streak that women have been experimenting with lately.

It never occurred to me that Sunday luncheon in London could mean anything except a family gathering enlivened by roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and I was really quite shocked when I lunched at the Ritz last Sunday to find the place was as crowded as it is on an ordinary day. The three best-looking women there were Mrs. Beckles Wilson, Mrs. Ivor Back, and Miss Oriel Ross. Miss Ross wore a long mink coat and a black stitched hat exactly the same shape as the American sailors' white hat. She wore it on the back of her head, with her yellow hair curling all round it. She is tall and slim, and has the same type of figure as Joan Barry, the dancer. Mrs. Back wore a summer ermine coat over a brown satin dress, brown shoes and stockings, and a little shiny black straw hat with a bandeau of white flowers. Mrs. Beckles Wilson, who is also very fair, looked extremely smart in a severely tailored black suit and black and white striped crêpe de Chine scarf.

Yevonde

The Princess de Chimay, wife of Prince Alphonse de Chimay and the elder daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton. Like her sister, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, she is very well known and popular in Society

It is curious how few of Mainbocher's models are over here, considering how good their clothes are for English women. One of their models that has had a great success this season is a crêpe de Chine dress with three flowers on the front of the bodice, and a skirt drapery that is detachable and can be worn as a shoulder cape. Lady Worthington-Evans was wearing this model in black at a party a few nights ago, and Mrs. Antony Grinling was wearing it in a very dark green at the Embassy the other evening. It was one of those crowded evenings, and one realised that, after all, English people can dress superbly when they make up their minds to it. Lady Buchanan-Jardine was there in a white dress made with a basque effect that stood out round her hips, and a long tube-like skirt. Her sister, the Princess de Chimay, wore a long clinging dress of flowered gold lamé. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth wore a cinnamon-pink velvet coat with a large grey fox collar; and another very smart woman came into supper wearing her evening coat. It was black velvet with a white ermine top, which was cut exactly like one of those little waist-length jackets.

I do like people to have names that suit them. There is something very disconcerting about small, insignificant women who answer to the name of Gloria, or roundabout little blondes who have been christened Dolores or Myrtle. A day or two ago I met Molyneux's right-hand woman, who is universally known as Dorothy, and who looked exactly as I have always thought a Dorothy should look—small, with light brown hair, large grey eyes, and retroussé nose. She has been over here helping Molyneux with his new collection, which is to be launched next week. The clothes will not be exactly the same as those in the Paris collection. They are being adapted for England, and created in English materials.

There is not one yard of this season's French woollen material to be bought in any of the English stores at the moment. The only places where you can get French woollens—and these of a rather inferior quality—are at the branches of the French stores; and as yet the English firms have not made nearly as much use of this golden opportunity as they might have. There is, however, one small mill tucked away in the North of Scotland that produces fancy woollen materials which consist only of the rarest and purest wools. These used to be considered such a luxury that nobody except Maharajahs could afford them. They are now less than half the price one has to pay for the French wool and cotton mixtures. The way these people dye their materials is rather amusing. They do not read fashion articles to discover what the newest colours are going to be. They simply go out into the garden, look at the flowers, and whatever flowers happen to be in season they take as inspiration for their colourings.

London's latest form of entertainment. A Syncopated Mannequin show was introduced at Ciro's last week in a 1912 Fashion and Cabaret show. Ancient and Modern is the sartorial keynote of the parade seen above

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

OUR shoes this season show great variety of design and the sandal is to be seen in almost every shape except that in which it first made its appearance—heelless and attached by leather thongs! The only rival to the sandal is the more conventional court shoe which is always extremely smart, particularly when trimmed with one's new clip-on diamond buckle. The court shoes worn in the photograph are from the London Shoe Company. On the right is shown an exceptionally pretty pair of sandals which reveal the toes. These come from les Capucines and may be obtained in either gold or silver kid

Photograph by Shaw Wildman

Some Steps towards Summertime . . .

A Selection from the some London designers'

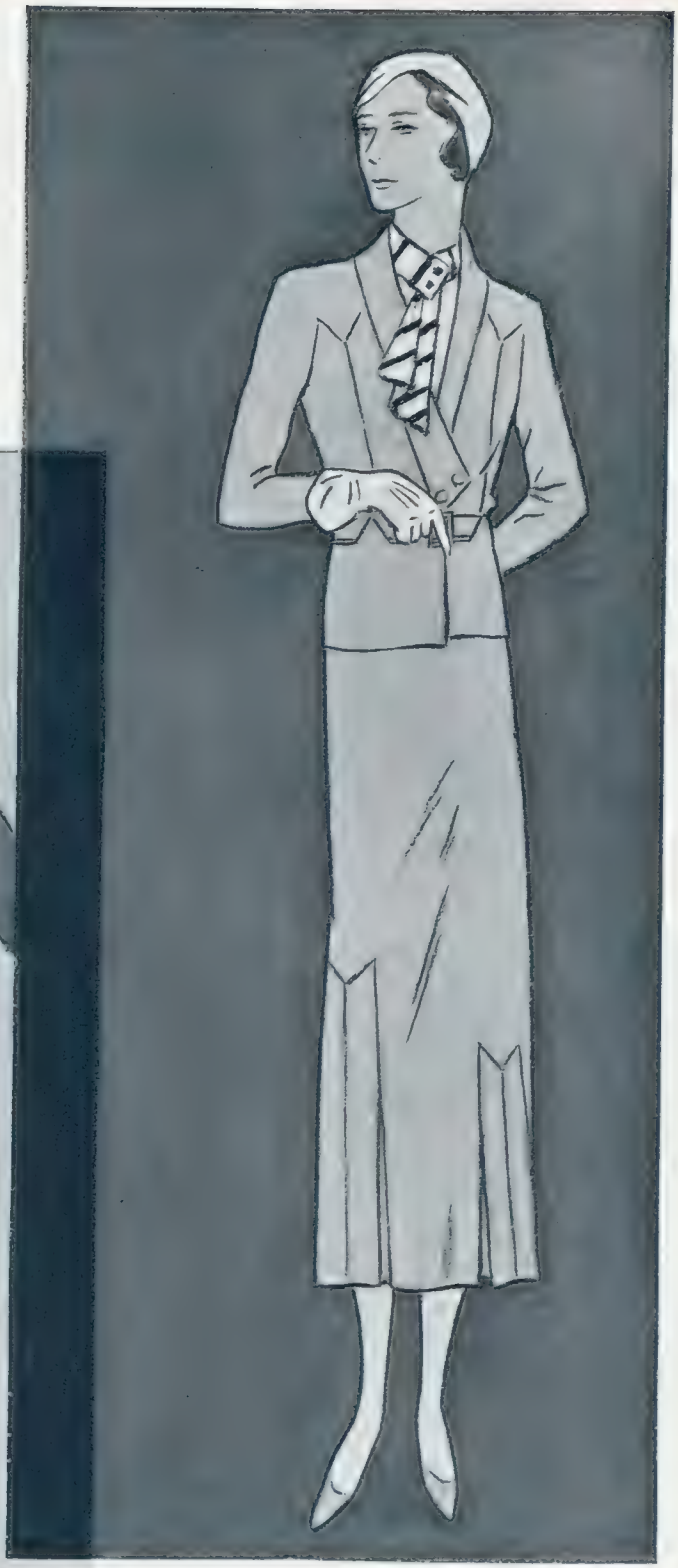
Much interest is focussed on the Sleeves and Shoulders

Well thought out diagonal lines characterise this satin evening gown and the short matching wrap which accompanies it. The latter has long ends which cross at the back and fasten in front and the pointed angel sleeves are edged with fur. The skirt fits closely to the knees and then flares into moderate width around the ankles. *From the Maison Ross*

A charming afternoon gown in black satin illustrates several important points. The sleeves are stressed by a flare placed well above the elbow, and the skirt reserves its fullness until well below the knees. The lingerie collar should also be noticed, it is so very large that it almost fulfils the function of a cape and is given added importance by three super-imposed triangles of black satin. *From Reville Ltd.*

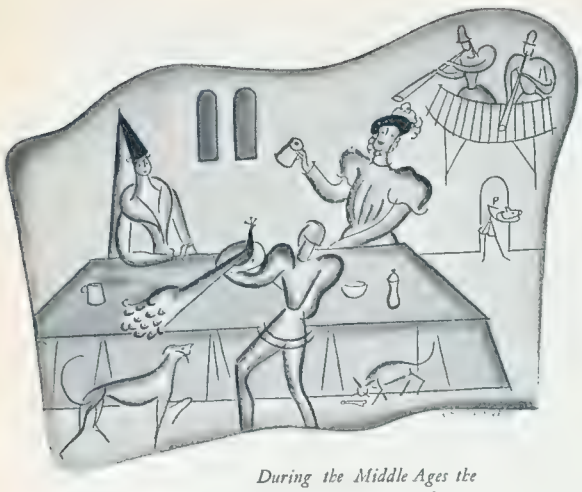
Advance Models of Spring Collections

(Below) Black and white check tweed makes this smart walking suit which has a yoke and scarf lining of white satin with a self coloured check. The skirt has four inverted pleats and the wide black patent leather belt has a silver buckle. From Idare



A smart costume in flame colour frieze has two sets of inverted pleats unevenly distributed on the skirt and a short jacket with a fitted basque and a belt. One rever crosses over the other and is buttoned with two large buttons and two more buttons fasten the grey and flame striped silk scarf. The shoulder yoke and the sleeves are cut in one. From Isobel

(Left) Dark brown novelty woollen material makes this full length coat which is fastened with two buttons at the fitted waistline and has an upstanding collar lined with rust colour silk. The tie is of brown, rust black and white striped silk and the hat is made of crocheted brown chenille tied with narrow ribbons of brown, rust and beige. From Ulick



During the Middle Ages the piece de resistance was often a badly cooked peacock served with its tail spread out

Entertaining through the Ages

By X. M. Boulestin

LEAVING aside the gastronomic horrors of the Roman period, when dishes were made to look like something which they were not, and rose petals and violets were dropped in cups full of wine mulled and scented; the errors of the Middle Ages when badly cooked peacocks were served with their tails spread out and hydromel drunk in the worst Wagnerian manner; the coarseness and the greediness of the Elizabethan days when Fines Morrison advised leaving off the fork in England as being a piece of affected refinement; leaving behind us even the Versailles period when the first signs of improvement became evident and the beginning of the XIX century when cuisine at last was stabilised in all its richness and subtlety, we will narrow our survey to times not remote enough to be classical, just emerging as they are, from the transitory state of being *démodés*.

Edwardian fashions included long and elaborate gowns and dinners composed of an endless series of complicated dishes

Times, manners, meals, frocks—we look at them now with a smile half ironical, half sentimental. "Killing" yes, but charming really these things were. Almost "period pieces." But later . . . and we frown more and more till we come to the unforgivable sins, the quite too awful modes and manners of yesterday. To-day? already finished. But to-morrow. Ah! to-morrow! What shall we do? Well, it may be something sensational if we can only think of it, or it may be a case of *"Plus ça change, et plus c'est la même chose."*

The vogue of bertkas and trailing skirts is with us again, but where are the elaborate twelve course menus of the past?

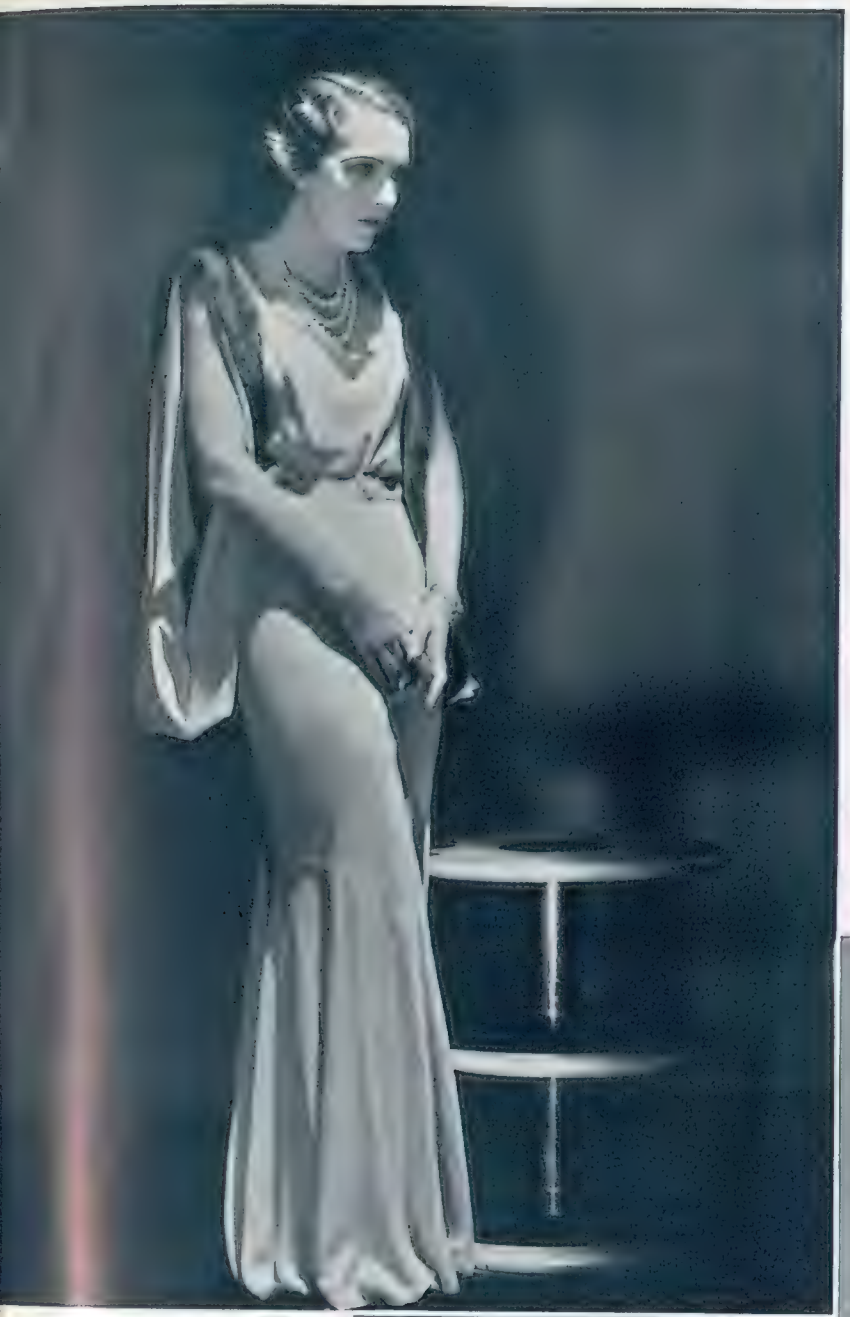
One truth seems to emerge, shining, as Truth herself straight out of the famous well: we find, if we study frocks and meals that the curves on the chart are parallel. To the days of long frocks adorned with *tournures, volants, berthes,* and such like, correspond long meals with complicated dishes. Victorian, Edwardian fashions, endless dinners. Lace *entredeux,* élaborate *entremets,* frills round all bones. Then, shorter frocks, shorter meals, more and more so. In fact, one shudders to think where it would have ended (in the police station possibly), for pushed to the logical extreme it would soon have been a case of eating nothing in "nothing at all."

But fashion saw to that and in one minute sent back all women stumbling up and down staircases with their unaccustomed and yet unmanageable long frocks, torn in front by their own toes, and behind by their escort. The meals are still short though, but this is due to other reasons which have nothing to do with our argument: slimming and patriotic economy combined.

Hostesses who used to bother about such things as having a meal with dishes all one colour, about dining-room settings "with incense burning while deliciously fragrant coffee was served"; with all sorts of frivolous activities, are now awakening to a sterner sense of duty. Even those who used to be late for their own parties are now in the drawing-room in good time, "to see that the rooms are properly lighted, so that there need be no sign of hurry or confusion at the sound of the first bell." Sweet picture. Advanced models. Fashion forecast for Summer 1932

A vision appears on the screen: when everybody is seated, the ladies "having first withdrawn their gloves begin their soup the moment it is set before them." And the meal goes on (it is strangely like 1875, but perhaps that is the fault of the return to longer frocks, *boleros,* and ornate sleeves), till "the ladies troop out, settle themselves in the drawing-room and retire when the carriages are announced at 10.30." And they are not going on to some late party, not they. Not even the girls; they have had their fun; for unused as they are to cocktails, wines and liqueurs they felt slightly intoxicated and positively thrilled (Oh! this is Life!) after having partaken of the fruit salad which was the ornament of the dinner-party. There was *Maraschino* in it! . . . Well, my dear, enough is as good as a feast, say the chaperons.

What, chaperons? Yes, and they wear (as they did) a dress "made not too low, a scarf or shawl over the shoulders"; and they all like eggs and bacon, sausages and kippers for supper—I mean for breakfast. Then there is Bridge; really, what with rubbers getting as long as one's frocks one does not know what to do, as the Vulnerable Mrs. Spade was saying to me only the other day . . .



Evening Versions of the Epaulette

Width of Shoulder is stressed in our Evening Gowns as well as in our Tweeds and Tailor-mades

Pale blue crêpe romain clinging closely to the figure until well below the knees and then flaring and falling in folds to the floor makes this graceful evening gown which has a draped bodice and a narrow belt. Its chief feature is long shoulder draperies of the material bordered with narrow bands of dark brown mink. *From Rabvis*

A gown of heavy black crêpe de Chine is trimmed in an unusual manner by bordering the armholes and the hem with three bands of contrasting colours, fuschia red, pale blue and deep violet. From Rabvis. The triple necklace of magnificent pearls and the wide bracelets of diamonds and sapphires come from Ciro Pearls. *Posed by Miss Diana Beaumont*

Photographs by Shaw Wildman

BYSTANDER MIXED FOURSOMES at CAGNES

Right : The finalists in the annual BYSTANDER *Cup Competition setting out in jovial mood at Cagnes. On the left are Mr H. L. Cowan and Mrs. V. Stuckenberg, the runners-up, and on the right are the winners, Miss Elsmie and Mr. F. C. Robertson. In the final of the competition, which attracted many interested spectators to the delightful course at Cagnes, Mr. Robertson and his partner proved successful by 3 and 1*

Runners-up and victors in equally good spirits at the presentation of prizes following the final of the BYSTANDER *Mixed Foursomes at Cagnes*

The serious side of golf ! Girl caddies at Cagnes forget golf bags whilst knitting golf stockings ere the stern voices of duty—and the caddie master—call them to their labours on the links

Above is a "close-up" of Miss Elsmie, who shared the honours of victory in the BYSTANDER *Mixed Foursomes with Mr. F. C. Robertson, and on the left is Mrs. Stuckenberg, who, with Mr. H. L. Cowan, put up a brave fight in the final round before losing by 3 and 1*

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE golfless week-end I was forced to spend recently has, more than ever, made me realise the beneficial effects of the game to one who works long hours indoors during the week, as I do. By the Saturday, although I can claim to be fairly full of vitality, when I find my energy is flagging, my week-end golf provides me with the right tonic, both physical and mental, and I come back to work feeling buoyed up and ready to tackle all, or any, problems. I need not have missed my golf; I found that, had I taken the trouble to enquire, several of the courses around London were not only playable, but practically free from snow.

* * *

THIS winter has been very kind to golfers. It is rather amazing that this should be the case, and speaks well for our much-maligned climate. Up to now I have played on at least one day every week-end with one exception; on that occasion we could only sit and watch the rain without any hope of play. Needless to say that the nineteenth hole in the club we were at was well situated for watching the weather.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the date of THE BYSTANDER Trophy is to us, naturally, of considerable importance, being our own baby, so to speak, of course, by a printer's error, it was given in my notes last week as March 5, instead of Wednesday, March 23! March 23 was decided upon in place of a week later in order that the meeting should not clash with the Kent and Surrey ladies' county match.

* * *

ADDINGTON PALACE course will be open for practice to competitors, free of green fee, on the Monday and Tuesday prior to the match. Entries close on March 16. I am confident that we shall have a fine entry, and many famous players, including, we hope, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Molly Gourlay, and many leading professionals in the South. The competition is the only one of its kind, and everyone who once plays is keenly interested in it. The Trophy, a valuable silver piece, is held by the winning club for a year, and the winners each receive silver cups for keeps. And, I may add, all the competitors get something!

* * *

ONE of our leading daily papers commented, in its gossip columns, a few days ago upon the rule existing at Coombe Hill which prevents members obtaining lunch after 2.30 p.m. As I am very interested in all pertaining to the catering side of golf clubs, I rang up my old friend Mr. Peter Wood, the secretary, and discussed the matter with him. As is usual, there are two sides to this question.

The rule is one which applies in the winter months only. Mr. Wood points out that if lunch is served up to 2.30 p.m. it naturally follows that members are still lunching until, perhaps, 3.30, and as players start and finish early on these short days, teas begin at 4 p.m., or even earlier, so that there is very little time to clear and prepare the dining room. This seems a reasonable view.

* * *

MISS MARION HOLLINS has been appointed captain of the first United States women's international team. This team is to play our team at Wentworth on Saturday, May 21. Miss Hollins has the reputation of being a terrifically long driver; she has a style of her own which all may not like. Nevertheless, in 1921 she defeated Miss Alexa Sterling, who had held the title since 1919, for the U.S.A. Championship.

Miss Hollins is one of the reserves for the American team, so it is evident that, profiting by their last experience when the unofficial team visited this country, they do not intend that either Mrs. Collett Vare or Miss Helen Hicks shall be burdened with executive work, as the former was two years ago.

Miss Hollins relies very largely upon her iron play, and she won the Metropolitan Championship without using a wooden club. Miss Hollins is a very wealthy woman, and has been described as the "Oil Queen of the Far West." She has a fine estate on the Pacific coast and her private golf course is one of the best in California. She was the hostess of Enid Wilson when she visited the States last year.

* * *

I NOTICE that some papers say that the match is for the Curtis Cup, but I understand that our L.G.U. find themselves unable to accept this cup as they refused the offer of a similar trophy for the French match.

The official team is: Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, Miss Helen Hicks, Mrs. O. S. Hill (Western champion), Miss Virginia Van Wie, Mrs. Louis Cheney (California State champion), and Miss Maureen Orcutt (Canadian champion). Reserves, Miss Hollins and Mrs. Harley G. Higbie, of Detroit, late champion of Michigan State.

* * *

THE Professional Golfers' Association announces that the Northern Professional Championship will be decided on the course of the Furness Club on September 7 and 8. The West of England Championship will be played on the Torquay and South Devon Club's course on July 6. For the *News of the World* tournament the West of England qualifying competition will take place on the same links on July 7; the Northern Section will play at North Manchester on August 17; the Scottish Section at Dunblane on September 7, and the Midland at Harborne on the same date.

A group of competitors and officials taken at the club-house at Cagnes before the start of the BYSTANDER *Mixed Foursomes Competition. The players were, apart from the finalists, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hallas, Colonel Buck Anderson and Mme. Monteux, Mr. J. Quinn and Mrs. Whiteford, Major S. J. Symons and Miss Warriner, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carnes and Mr. J. Laurie and Miss Laurie*

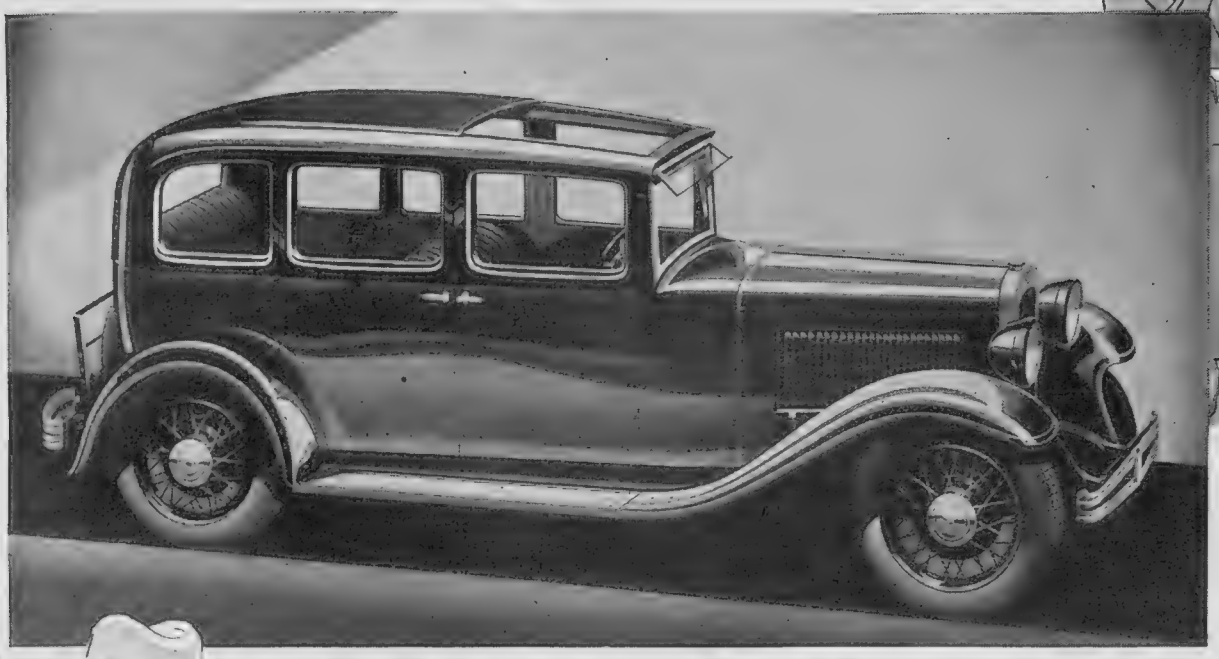
ROWING AND ARMY RUGBY

The Oxford crew resting in Iffley Lock during an outing on their own waters before going to Henley. Owing to recent changes in both crews it is impossible to compare the Dark Blues and Light Blues with any degree of accuracy, but Cambridge, as is so often the case at this stage of the proceedings, is the more advanced

R. C. Sherriff, the author of "Journey's End," who is now up at Oxford, in the New College boat which raced in the Second Division of the "Torps." He is soon leaving for Hollywood with a big contract to write for the films

A scrum breaks up during the replayed semi-final of the Army Rugby Cup between the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards and the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Played at Richmond, the match resulted in a win for the Welsh Guards by 10 points to nil

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON

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"Over 110,000 miles—and never a minute's trouble on the road!"

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(as illustrated)

£325

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You may not cover more mileage than this owner, or even as much, but it will certainly cost you more—*unless you are an Austin owner.* For what car stands up with as little attention to continual service day after day, year after year . . . what car has such outstanding dependability?

Learn the true measure of Austin dependability (and therefore economy) from this typical unsolicited report:

"My Sixteen Burnham Saloon has now run over 110,000 miles on the roughest roads in Scotland and England, *and has never given a minute's trouble on the road since I bought it.* I have previously had almost every kind of car, but the Austin Burnham beats everything for dependability and comfort."

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**This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

AUSTIN

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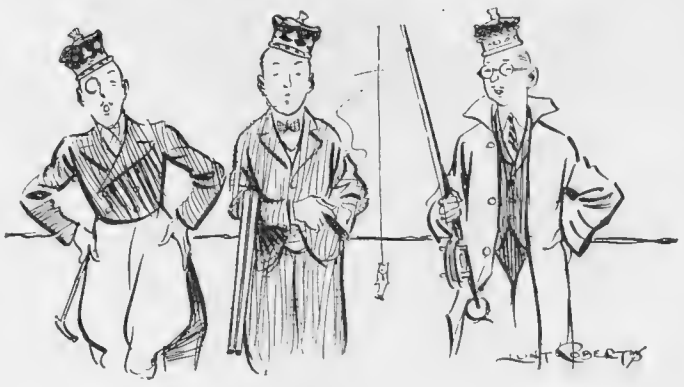
My Weekly Thought
by Norman Thwaites



"Blue-blooded pin-heads who spend their time huntin', shootin' and fishin'"

ONCE again that hardy of the House of annual, the Reform Lords, has been raised in the House of Commons—and, once again, it has been shelved.

Something should be done about it, but it never is! Seven years ago Mr. Baldwin told a mass meeting of delegates at the Conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations they were pledged to take action (cheers). In 1927 Lord Cave, and in 1928 Lord Clarendon, raised the question in the House of Lords (subdued cheers). Immediately after the General Election last October, Lord Hailsham insisted that a stronger Second Chamber was a necessity (hear, hear!). This, indeed, is a national necessity which the National Government at present has not tackled.

ALL unconscious of a very probable doom, the Conservative leaders pay lip-service to what is necessary action, for the peril still remains that a Socialist majority may some day embark upon fundamental changes in the Constitution of the country which the Lords would like to, and ought to, reject, only they do not possess the power!

IT was successive Liberal Governments which made the power of the House of Lords negligible, and no longer a bulwark against the Socialists and their Liberal allies, who are always willing to accept a coronet, even though they would prefer to have no House of Lords to sit in!

"You shall be kept looking at the sky whilst other people pick your pockets"

THESE worthy gentry have suggested that the Upper Chamber is composed of the offspring of an effete aristocracy of blue-blooded pin-heads who spend their time huntin', shootin', fishin', and gamblin'. Mr. Lloyd George has been ever to the fore with this suggestion, and, with that exquisite good taste remarked to the Limehouse intellectuals that a Duke was merely the first pup in a Duchess's litter!

NOTHING could be farther from the truth than that members of the Upper House do nothing to justify their existence. The House of Lords to-day consists of approximately 756 members, of whom 68 are life or term Peers, being Archbishops, Bishops, or elected from the Scottish and Irish Peerage.

OF the remaining 688 Peers, more than half were created within my lifetime, and are members of families ennobled since 1872. During the past sixty years more than 365 new Peerages have been created, many of the holders having been of plebeian or even proletarian origin. In this period there have been two Ducal creations, ten Marquesses, twenty-nine Earls, fifty-four Viscounts, and no fewer than 270 Barons, far more than half the total number. Not many, I fancy, in this mixed assortment who are first pups in a Duchess's litter!

AND who are these people? The great majority have been graduates from the Lower House who, though they may have been ennobled not entirely on merit, were at least selected by the electors of the country to represent them in the Commons at some time. Others have given useful service to their country in diverse callings and professions. They represent every profession, every industry, and the arts and sciences. So far from being bloated aristocrats, many of them have pedigrees inferior to the readers of this publication.

FOR exactly one hundred years the franchise has been constantly enlarged without the Millennium arriving, and the harassed politician, listening to popular clamour, has been robbed—since the Act of 1910 of a Liberal Government—of the last barrier which protected him from the raucous demands of the agitator. And while that raucous voice grows stronger the veto of the Upper House has become weaker and weaker.

WE have achieved Democracy and pretend to be proud of it. To-day our business is to understand the nature of that force, whether we want to fight it or to forward it. Our business is not to deny the perils of Democracy, but to provide against them as far as we can.

I am quoting George Bernard Shaw, who says he is too polite to call Demos a windbag; but he asks us to begin our study of Democracy by considering it first as a big balloon, filled with gas or hot air, and sent up so that you shall be kept looking at the sky whilst other people are picking your pockets.

To prevent that picking of pockets the House of Lords is as essential as a police force. What we have to do is to be quite certain that the constables are trained to their job and imbued with a sense of duty to the country. But will the National Government give them a serviceable baton with which to beat back the pick-pockets? I doubt it!

"Many . . . have been of plebeian or even proletarian origin"

SOME BOOKS FOR MEN: The Ninepenny Novel

By "Junius"

IN the foreword to his book, *Fire-Eater: The Memoirs of a V.C.* (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.), Captain Pollard, V.C., stresses the point that the majority of books written on the War deal mainly with the inevitable sordidness and suffering. Another aspect of the picture, he says, which has not received due attention, is the spirit of comradeship and unselfishness which pervaded front-line troops. Major-General J. E. B. Seely, in a preface, makes the same point.

CAPTAIN POLLARD shows us the War from an entirely new angle, showing the superb spirit which animated himself and his comrades, rather than the horrors by which they were surrounded. In its way it is an epic. Captain Pollard enlisted from an insurance office soon after the outbreak of war. As a private he won the D.C.M., and then the V.C. His account of the engagement in which he won the supreme honour is more thrilling than anything in fiction. "Going over the top," he says, "struck some chord in my nature which vibrated strongly to the thrill of the attack," and he found pleasure in wandering about "No Man's Land" at night. All those who went through the War will welcome this vivid, modest recital of conditions and events which they themselves experienced.

The frontispiece to "Fire-Eater: The Memoirs of a V.C." by Capt. A. O. Pollard, V.C., M.C., D.C.M. (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.). It shows the author being decorated by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace during the War

I WOULD commend everybody to read *An Editor Looks at Russia* (Constable: 3s. 6d.), by Ray Long. Most of us look at Russia from the standpoint of our own English conditions, or in comparison with Russian conditions under the Tzars. Read Mr. Long's book, and you will think differently. From his knowledge of Russia he thinks that Bolshevism is "probably the most important step since the birth of Christianity." He is neither pro- nor anti-Soviet, but merely an observer. And here is the problem in a nutshell.

TO-DAY, the Russian worker, living in conditions which to us would be extreme poverty and hardship, finds them almost luxury in comparison with the workers' lives under the Tzarist régime. The Soviet system has given the Russian peasants and workers something which they never had before: Hope. He sums up the effect of this hitherto unknown quantity thus:—

"You have a country living in hard ship, living under the strictest governmental control of any country that ever existed, a country in which the citizen does the work which he is told to do for a wage in the determination of which he has no voice, and yet a country in which the citizens seem to be more nearly contented than in any other country I have seen in the world to-day . . . for centuries the great majority of the people not only practically were slaves, but certainly were hopeless . . . no matter what else Communism has done for the Russian, it has given him Hope. . . . The Soviet Government is doing one of the most efficient jobs of advertising to sell that factor, Hope, that any organisation has ever done." It is advertising to 160,000,000 Russian people, "every minute of every day."

Mr. Long has torn down the veil from Soviet Russia, and we shall be wise if we ponder over what he has seen.

MR. F. E. B. CLARKE has a graphic pen, and in *Go South—Go West* (John Long: 7s. 6d.) he takes us to South America. He took the place of purser on a tramp steamer and gives a diverting account of the voyage. Arrived in Argentine, he came in for a revolution, which if it had its dangers, likewise had its amusing moments. Mr. Clarke has an unfailing sense of humour even when touching upon the white slave traffic and the under-world quarters of Buenos Aires, Rosario, and Rio de Janeiro. This is very much a book for men.

Salmon jumping at a fall of the Shin, Sutherlandshire. One of the hundreds of illustrations in "Salmon Fishing," which comprises Volume X of the Lonsdale Library of Sport. It is published by Seeley, Service and Co., at 25s.

YOU will find the volumes of the Lonsdale Library on the shelves of most sportsmen; in fact, the library is doing for this generation the same service done by the Badminton Library to its forerunner. The Earl of Lonsdale and Mr. Eric Parker are the editors, and each of its nine volumes on horsemanship, shooting, trout fishing, lawn tennis, golf, etc., are written by experts. The tenth volume is *Salmon Fishing* (Seeley, Service: 25s.), by Eric Taverner, with contributions by many leading fishermen. There isn't a detail about salmon fishing that is left out. The three hundred and odd illustrations would teach the veriest tyro the beginnings of the art, and these, with the letterpress, will give even the practised angler many hints and wrinkles. The Lonsdale Library has become a classic for sportsmen.

IF you throw a stone into a pond you know how the ripples go on and on in ever-increasing circles until they reach the sides. Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a stone flung into the pond of eighteenth-century feudalism. The splash came long after his death in the

French Revolution, but the ripples he made have gone on into our own time—democracy, simple life, modern education, and a hundred modes of thought which we think we have discovered for ourselves.

You should read *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (Gollancz: 18*s.*), by Matthew Josephson, and then you will see how an ex-valet, bred on charity, changed a whole world by his writings. As a man, he was far from admirable. He kowtowed to the rich and great, sponged on his admirers, and sent his children to a Foundling Hospital, but his *Emile* and other books changed the history of Europe.

There have been many lives of Rousseau, but Mr. Josephson's is the best and most understanding I have read in English. It gives you a Rousseau freed from the calumnies of his enemies which have warped the opinion of most of his biographers. From Mr. Josephson you will learn how the "Apostle of Sensibility," as Rousseau was called, has influenced thought and politics for two hundred years after his death.

Hughes

MISS MARJORIE BOOTH

Whose third novel, "Caps Over the Mill," was reviewed in a recent issue. "Junius" described it as a story that is both charming and clever

MESSRS. BENN'S new venture in publishing will be watched with close interest by writers, publishers, and readers alike. They are publishing a series of novels by leading writers at ninepence each. As they point out, authors are "limited in the exercise of their genius by the traditions of bookselling." A seven-shilling-and-sixpenny book must be 80,000 to 100,000 words in length. They think there is room for novels of 40,000 words, at ninepence, arguing that, as a painter "can vary the dimensions of his picture all the way from a miniature to a fresco," the Ninepenny Novel will extend the same latitude to the writer.

The experiment starts with the happiest augury and a lustre of names. The first six novels they have published are *The Next Generation,* by J. D. Beresford; *Incredible Tale,* by Naomi Royde-Smith; *Love is a Flame,* by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes; *The Broom Squires,* by Eden Phillpotts; *The Single Heart,* by Storm Jameson; and *Leap before you Look,* by Alec Waugh.

I CAN recommend *How Change the Moons* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Betty Trask, as a most diverting book. It tells you how Bonne Bellamy went to Paris five years before the War, with her fascinating Aunt Clare, to finish her education. Under the guidance of the attractive aunt this education does not follow the usual lines, but under Miss Trask's delightful pen it makes for perpetual smiles and much laughter. The author has the happy gift for seeing laughter where other people would never expect to find it. Incidentally, she reproduces a Paris which has entirely changed since the War, with its fashions, amusements, and stirring events, such as the famous trial of Madame Steinheil.

BERTHOLD TÜRMER was a young man much to be pitied. For five generations his family had supplied the citizens of Bautzen with what is known as hardware, the business descending from father to son. Türmer himself was an exemplary young man with a passion for collecting the photographs of American film stars. How he gained the reputation and sobriquet of the Bautzen Casanova is told in *Scandal* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Joseph Delmont, a masterly study of that provincial petty-mindedness which seems common to all countries. In its way the book is a masterpiece as showing how one lie can spread and run like wildfire amongst a population, growing in intensity day by day.

"JUNIUS."

BUBBLE REPUTATION (continued from page 363)

ence of modern times for the impulses of the flesh, while to him it verged on sin . . . trivial, unnecessary sin. For what, after all, was a kiss? Nothing by itself, but a most delightful prologue or reluctant epilogue to the perfect little play which escapes the censor every time.

BUT, of course, he must kiss her. It would be ungentlemanly not to do so, almost like offering her an insult. No other member of the Norchester Conservative Club would have hesitated, even momentarily, to take his fill of those inviting lips whose very shamelessness held an odd suggestion of fundamental innocence far more disconcerting to old-fashioned morality than the most knowledgeable smirk. Very evidently he was a fool, just as Daisy had always said—damn her! He bent forward with awkward haste and kissed Beauty both violently and loudly. . . .

"There!" he said, and drove headlong back to London without another word.

But these things had taken time, and on reaching civilisation it was discovered to be close on one o'clock—to Arnold a testimony in itself to the deeds of which he had not been guilty. No respectable married man was out with a young woman at such an hour. Neither was Beauty any too easy, for Zipp had the devil and all of a temper when roused, and it was hardly worth while rousing it for such a poor thing as Arnold Dixon

"Do you think," she said, with most beguiling diffidence," you could come in with me and . . . and, well you might explain that the car broke down if . . . if any explanation seems necessary. It is rather late, isn't it? And then if your wife says anything you can say you were chatting with my husband and never noticed the time."

"So I could," returned Arnold, somewhat relieved to have such a perfect alibi presented to him. "Yes, that's a very good idea," and he followed Beauty up the steps and in at the door, which had the air of a door which knows a thing or two, and found himself in a hall of panelled oak, quietly carpeted and dimly lit. But quiet though the hall might be there was a sense of disturbance, a striding and a muttering in the offing whose import was unmistakable. Arnold looked mutely at Beauty, as one who begs to be excused, but she smiled back reassuringly at him and led on in the direction from whence the subdued commotion emanated, paused for a brief moment, and was in the midst of it.

"What the blazing devil . . ."

Beauty took not the smallest notice of this ferocious greeting, but beckoned to Arnold with much friendliness.

"Here is Mr. Dixon, Zipp. . . ."

Thereupon what did Beauty's husband do but essay to pass off his odious behaviour with a laugh . . . evidently one of those despicable braggarts who terrorise defenceless women and crumple up completely when confronted with a Man . . . a red-faced bully . . . a miserable coward!

ARNOLD DIXON, about to fling his braces over his shoulders, came to the most dramatic moment of his well-edited recital and paused to give it full effect.

'But when the brute saw ME . . ."

Erect in bed, with a pink shawl wrapped round her head, Daisy interrupted acidly,

"When he saw *you* I should think he laughed . . . !"

A. A.

Sore Throat!

". . . Wulfing Brand FORMAMINT — that is my first thought when Sore Throat is about."

Mr. D.D.—E.

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FORMAMINT

conquers Sore Throat and prevents infectious diseases, (Influenza, Diphtheria, etc.)

At all Chemists — 2/6 per bottle.

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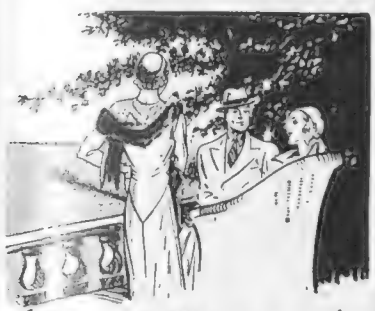

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Growing time is Benger time

Children grow most rapidly at the time they are studying hardest. To avoid the ever-present danger of eager and over anxious scholars outgrowing their strength, Doctors advise giving extra nourishment in that best of all forms—Benger's Food.

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THE AIR RACING SEASON

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

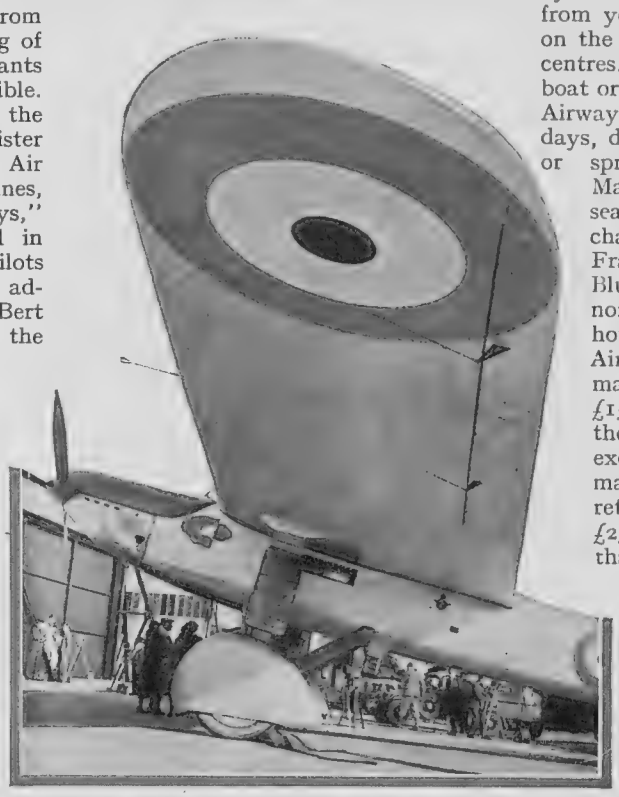
Flying for Sport

THE entrance fee for the King's Cup race is £10 if paid before 5 p.m. on April 1, although late entries will be accepted up to May 1 at double that amount. Machines, engines, gadgets, pilots, passengers, and backers must be British; if in doubt, apply at 119, Piccadilly. Pilots taking part must have flown solo for at least 100 hours, which seems a very wise provision, bearing in mind the weather conditions which are usual during our alleged summer. The minimum speed at which aircraft will be handicapped is fixed at 110 miles an hour, and fifty machines making the best time on handicap during the first day will be allowed to continue on the final laps. The Segrave "Meteor," built by Blackburne's, at Brough, and the Monospar, two twin-engined monoplanes for the private owner, are types which should put up a very good performance. The latter has been designed especially to fly on one engine and to take off from a limited space, both features being of great value to the amateur who wants a 'plane as nearly foolproof as possible. Talking of flying for sport, there is the funny side to an otherwise sinister situation in China. The local Air Force has been unpacking its machines, most of which are Vickers "Vimys," bought many years ago and still in crates when the war started. Pilots with a highly developed spirit of adventure are advised to apply to Bert Hall, the American chief of the Chinese Air Force, who will no doubt be pleased to engage anyone with experience for the duration.

Messenger boys of the Commercial Cable Company have their own flying club and some of the members are learning on an Autogiro at Hanworth. There is great competition for a lesson in the air, which is the reward for general good work and attention to discipline

Maintenance Without Tears!

ALTHOUGH it is a fact that some of the finest pilots have been rather dunces in the matter of maintaining their machines and engines, leaving such work, as one does with a car, to the local ground engineer or the mechanics at the service station, it is undoubtedly an advantage to know why a machine flies, how it is built, and what precautions to take so that the engine does not stop at an awkward moment. The technical school maintained by de Havillands at Stag Lane is one of the best that one could find in any industry, because practical experience can be obtained in the factory and on the aerodrome where the actual design, manufacture, and testing of machines and engines is taking place. Courses vary from a week, costing six guineas, for the private owner who wants a little knowledge on some special subject, to three years, costing 250 guineas, for those training as aeronautical engineers. Although the school accepts no responsibility for finding posts for its students who are making aviation in some form or another their profession, it is a remarkable thing that up to date everyone taking any of the complete courses has been placed in a job. More than two hundred engineers have gained their licences at the school, and many well-known pilots have taken special courses, amongst whom are Lady Bailey, Lady Drummond Hay, Miss Winifred Spooner, Captain Lamplugh, and Mr. Gordon Store.



Some idea of the size of the Fairey-Napier long-range monoplane can be gained from this photograph The machine has been built for the Royal Air Force, so that communication flights between various parts of the Empire can be made without an intermediate landing, the extreme range being about 6,000 miles

Le Rapid Azur

OUR recent wave of patriotism was responsible for not a few curious fallacies, one of which concerned the climate of the English Riviera. Whilst there is no doubt that the weather in Devon and Cornwall during the winter is mild, it is impossible for the sun to attain any great power owing to its low angle above the horizon, and therefore those who need sunshine must seek it farther afield. Egypt, Madeira, and the South of France winter resorts much favoured by British people, vary in popularity from year to year, but much depends on the ease of travel to these different centres. Egypt can be reached by boat or by air, the journey via Imperial Airways taking from three to four days, depending on whether the winter or spring time-table is in force. Madeira is approachable only by sea, unless a special machine is chartered, and the South of France by train or by air. The Blue Train is expensive, and the normal services take about thirty hours, whereas the journey by Air Union from London can be made in seven hours at a cost of £15 17*s.* 8*d.* The terminus on the Côte d'Azur is Cannes, where excellent connections can be made to all other towns. The return fare for fifteen days is £23 16*s.* 5*d.*, considerably less than the best train, and there are the added advantages of rapid clearance through the customs barrier and the absence of fatigue on the journey itself.

News from the West

THE air port of Bristol is the headquarters of the Bristol and Wessex Club, which is holding two important meetings during the coming season, a racing event on June 4 and the annual garden party on October 1. Flying hours for January totalled nearly sixty, and a new Gipsy Moth, fitted with air wheels and slots, is being purchased to augment the fleet.

the BYSTANDER

£500 GOLF TROPHY Competition

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1932, AT ADDINGTON PALACE CLUB

The third green at Addington Palace, the venue of this year's competition for "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

THE Tenth Annual Meeting for "The Bystander" Challenge Trophy will be held at Addington Palace Club on Wednesday, March 23.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursome (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over thirty-six holes (Medal play). Valuable silver cups will be presented to the winning lady and her partner.

Addington Palace Club is making all competitors Honorary Members of the Club on Monday and Tuesday, March 21 and 22 so that those wishing to practise on the course the two days preceding the competition may do so.

"THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY. Last year's winners were Mrs. Hutton and W. Cox, of Beaconsfield

ON the day of the Competition the competitors will be the guests of "The Bystander" for luncheon and tea. "The Bystander" will also provide the caddies on that day.

The club can be reached by rail (S.R) to East Croydon Station, thence by the club 'bus, leaving at every half-hour commencing at 8.30 a.m., or by road via Clapham Common, South Norwood Hill, Woodside Station, Shirley Road and Upper Shirley Road.

The public will be admitted free to the beautiful course and can obtain luncheon and teas at moderate prices.

CONDITIONS

Entries must be made to the Secretary, Addington Palace Golf Club, not later than first post on Wednesday, March 16, when the draw will be made.

Professionals will be rated at Plus 4.

Ladies' L.G.U. handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of the combined Handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd and 3rd places must be played off next day over 18 holes unless otherwise agreed to by competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicap, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision will be final.

A DRAW will be made for starting times.

The ninth tee on the Aadington Palace course. The club-house, seen behind, was formerly the seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury

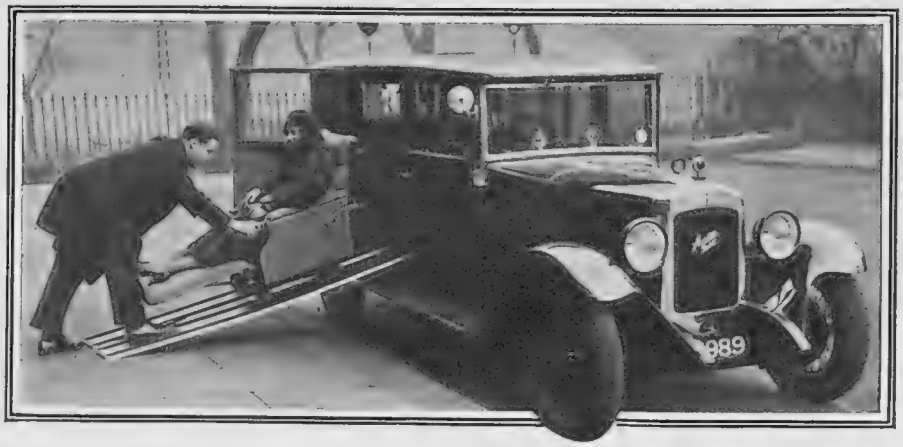
THE 'AGE OF WALNUT' EXHIBITION

The "Age of Walnut" Loan Exhibition was opened yesterday to the public by the Prince of Wales at Sir Philip Sassoon's London residence, 25, Park Lane. The Exhibition, which will remain open till April 4, is in aid of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals, and season tickets at one guinea each and ordinary entrance tickets at 5/- can be purchased from either the Secretary, 25, Park Lane, W., or from Mrs. Panter Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7

On this page are seen photographs of four pieces loaned to the "Age of Walnut" Exhibition, which covers a period from 1660 to 1714. The top left-hand picture shows a beautiful William and Mary red lacquer writing-table loaned to the Exhibition by Sir Philip Sassoon, and on the right of it is seen a Charles II high-back walnut chair lent by Mr. David Gubbay. The Queen Anne walnut armchair seen on the left of the page is the property of Mr. Guy Charrington, and the striking Charles II brass-bound casket on stand which is seen on the right is lent by Sir Gomer Berry Bart.

The Hotel Problem

By E. M. Wright



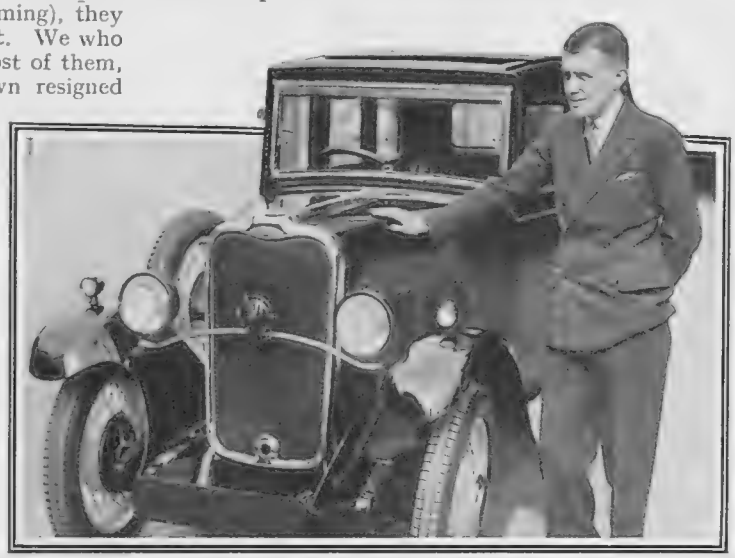
The new "Invalid Car"—an "Austin 24" limousine—fitted with a special chair. This can be extended to a complete reclining position for stretcher cases, and which runs on rails in and out of the car

MOTORISTS who in the past have gone abroad almost as a matter of course will, most of them, have to remain at home this year. British hotel proprietors are doubtless chuckling and rubbing their hands at the prospect of a bumper season—but wait. The chorus of complaint and abuse from stay-at-home motorists to which these hotel proprietors have become accustomed will this year be louder and stronger than ever before. Your foreign holiday-makers—exiles in their own land, thanks to the sickly state of the pound—will be in no mood to overlook the least shortcoming.

They are new to the rigours of the English hotel, and with their memories of pleasant pensions and recherché little hotels abroad (which in retrospect will seem all the more charming), they will pounce upon every fault. We who have spent our years, or most of them, touring at home have grown resigned to third-rate accommodation, sloppy, badly cooked meals, and the lack of attention which passes for service. Not so the motorist who is wont to tour abroad. By comparison the shortcomings of the average English hotel will seem worse than they really are.

IT is not that we lack fine hotels. At the big establishments to be found in any large town, and at any large holiday resort, you will generally find the same high standard of service and attention as is to be had abroad. The luxury hotel knows no frontiers. Where we fail is that our smaller hotels are very far behind the everyday standard accepted abroad; and it is the little hotel which matters. You do not hear returning travellers from abroad speak in glowing praise of this or that Hôtel Splendide, but of *little* places they have discovered where the food is just right, where Madame is remembered as a charming friend; where every detail is designed to serve your comfort; and where guests are not merely paying tenants, but are guests indeed.

That is the sort of hotel which many of us want, and that is the hotel which is so hard to find at home. A man may be ready to "pig it" in a hotel so slapdash as to be almost sordid, but women—never! It is because it is so difficult to find little places where women can stay in comfort that touring in this country is apt to be comparatively expensive. And what is the reason? It is, I think, because we have no standard for little hotels. We have only one standard—the Ritz standard. With petty snobbishness the small establishment apes the airs and graces of palatial hotels with vast resources at their disposal—and fails dismally. Go where you will, you are served up with the same elaborate Frenchified dishes, which may be delightful when they are perfectly cooked and perfectly served, but are as appetising as sawdust when served up badly cooked in a frowsy, mid-Victorian dining-room. So many hotels fail to please because they vainly strive after over-elaboration.



Our photograph shows Mr. W. E. Bullock, Junior, General Manager of the Singer Company, Mr. W. E. Bullock, Senior, being Managing Director. Owing to a typographical error, Mr. J. E. Price, who has joined the company as Sales Manager, was wrongly described in our February 10 issue as "General Manager"

THE best of our little hotels, if the truth be told, are the wayside inns with no pretensions at all, that are patronised by local rustics. A man may enjoy his glass of beer in tiled and sanded tap-rooms, with quaint old characters round him, but I cannot see women enjoying such an experience. They ask—and rightly ask—for simple refinement, which ought to be within the power of every moderate-sized hotel to offer. If we are to have simple little hotels, such as are the delight of the foreign tourist, hotel proprietors must first of all forget the grandiose, cosmopolitan caravanserai and concentrate upon giving us simple, homely, *well-cooked* fare, simple but comfortable accommodation, and, above all, the attention which can only come from personal interest in the welfare of each and every guest. The pity is that the average English hotel proprietor is too proud, or too lazy, to study your wants.

SAY what you will of the Englishman's love of personal cleanliness, the average hôtelier has not yet learned the rudiments of household cleanliness as it is understood abroad, where scrubbing and polishing are almost a religious rite. In no other respect do our hotels compare so badly with those abroad as in this matter of cleanliness. Round about the majority of our smaller establishments there hangs an everlasting aroma of dirt and stuffiness. The living-rooms are pervaded with the smell of stale tobacco smoke, and often also of drink, and in the bedrooms you have a horrid feeling that someone has lately died. And where is the h. and c.? The smallest hotels abroad have running hot and cold water as a matter of course.

AND then there is the matter of housing the car. Here we are farther behind. Every kind of hotel is apt to forget the car, yet hundreds which seek to attract motorists offer either no garage at all or one that is totally inadequate.

THE AMATEUR'S AID

By LADY KITTY RITSON

I AM constantly getting letters from people who possess a favourite dog and who write to me asking if there is any chance of finding a mate for him. They nearly always add optimistically that they would not demand a stud fee, merely a puppy. Well, I have to tell them that it is almost impossible to get a good bitch for an inferior dog, because the owner of the bitch naturally does not want to waste time over rearing a litter of mediocre puppies. Quite a number of first-class sires will serve a bitch for first choice of litter, so that a second-class dog hasn't got a chance.

IT is no use advertising in the dog papers, because they deal with the cream of the fancy, but if you really are very anxious to have one of your dog's offspring (and it is a most understandable wish) try putting a small advertisement in your local paper or in *The Farmer and Stock-Breeder*, stating your requirements and you may hear from somebody who has a bitch and who would be delighted to share the litter with you, for the same reasons of sentiment.

BUT don't keep a lot of puppies, as there will be no sale for them. Four is ample—one for yourself, one for the other owner, and two in case of accidents—and they can be given to happy homes, if necessary. Life being what it is, you are quite likely to produce a marvellous litter, just because you don't care and are only doing it for your pleasure.

Ch. Pugilist, a well-known bulldog, was kept for a long time as a pet until somebody told his owners that he was a marvellous specimen.

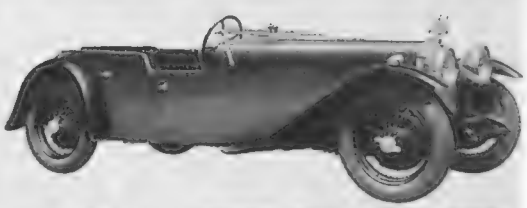
However, this is my advice, for what it is worth, to those of you who want to breed for motives of sentiment—and the best possible reason, too.

Miss Mulliner, the daughter of the well-known Wembley greyhound trainer, who, for the past two years, has acted as his "head man." She is shortly marrying Mr. G. Garrattry, a prominent Wembley owner

THE owner of the bitch, being in all probability an amateur, will be in a terrible state about "the darling" whelping, and also during the nine weeks preceding, but there is nothing to fret about. Let her have regular exercise, nourishing, but not sloppy food, and Nature will do the rest. But for goodness sake be careful about allowing her enough exercise, and if she gets very heavy give her several short walks, instead of two long ones. As to the birth, all should go quite simply and easily, but always bespeak the services of a veterinary surgeon so that should any complications arise he is ready to come to your assistance. Leave the bitch alone (I don't mean solitary), but don't try any amateur surgery. Many bitches are terrified in their first whelping, and you should be there to comfort them. They will appreciate a drink of warm milk in between puppies. Once the puppies are born, leave her to rest with her infants and don't examine them for a day or two.

DON'T give straw to whelp on, she would only scratch it away. The bare bench is sufficient, and newspapers on the floor, which can be cleared away later on when everything is made nice and snug. She may have a certain amount of diarrhœa for a day or two after the birth of the puppies, but this is natural, it is only bad if it continues for too long.

ALVIS



CARS

Experienced motorists regard the ALVIS as a masterpiece of British automobile engineering. You can economise luxuriously and get that "thousand pounds" feeling with an ALVIS from £395. May we demonstrate? Alvis Car & Engineering Co., Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: 18, Berkeley St., W.1.

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Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of 30 years world-repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities, described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/-, Birthdate, stamped-addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you.

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UNIQUE! PROVED!!

Not only does this unique Triumph Super Seven 4-door Pillarless Saloon give the ease of entry of a large car but the interior is also surprisingly roomy—price £157 10s. Other models from £140. Write for details.

TRIUMPH

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

YES, WE HAVE . .

"I want to secure if it is now possible, a set of Bairnsfather's famous War-time Cartoons in COLOUR. I believe these were published in THE BYSTANDER, and I shall be glad if you will let me know if you have any sets suitable for framing."

BAIRNSFATHER'S

Fragments from France

CARTOONS IN COLOUR

The receipt of the above letter resulted in our discovering a very *limited number* of sets of these world-famous cartoons, which to-day have lost none of their clever, though grim, humour. Now is your opportunity to secure one of these sets for your "den," and for your boys to see the kind of humour that helped us through the War. These pictures are ideal for presentation for decorative purposes in Ex-Service Men's Clubs.

The Series of Twelve in Portfolio mounted on white art plate sunk mounts.

12/6 *post free.*

From: THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE PIONEERS OF THE LIGHT CAR

ANNOUNCE

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MOST LUXURIOUS LIGHT CAR IN THE WORLD

THE ***NEW***

SINGER 9

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This amazing luxury saloon establishes such new standards of motoring comfort that we suggest you call on your nearest Singer dealer immediately if you desire early delivery. Advance trade bookings are already heavy.

Superbly finished coachbuilt Saloon . . £167 . 10 . 0 (ex works)

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"RUGGED WEATHER"

A Superb Study of an Ocean Tramp Labouring in Heavy Winter Seas

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) £2:2:0
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The actual size of the print is 17 inches by 10½ inches.

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"THE 'BOLIVAR'." "THE ROARING FORTIES."
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"'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
(Saucisson de Bologne.)

Sole à la Colbert.

Indian Spatchcock.
Salade aux Tomates et Poires.

Pommes à la Comtesse.

Café.

Hors d'Œuvres (Saucisson de Bologne)

Thin slices of Bologna sausage garnished with small salad.

Sole à la Colbert

Fry a boned sole. When done, fill the cavity inside with maître d'hôtel butter, prepared as follows: Put 4 ozs. of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a finely minced onion or shallot, and a little pepper and salt into a basin, beat to a stiff cream, then add by degrees a little lemon juice. Send the sole to table with maître d'hôtel sauce served separately in a tureen.

Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.—To a gill of thick white sauce add a little Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, the juice of half a lemon, and a little nutmeg. Make very hot and serve.

Indian Spatchcock

Split and boil a chicken lightly. Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan. Pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

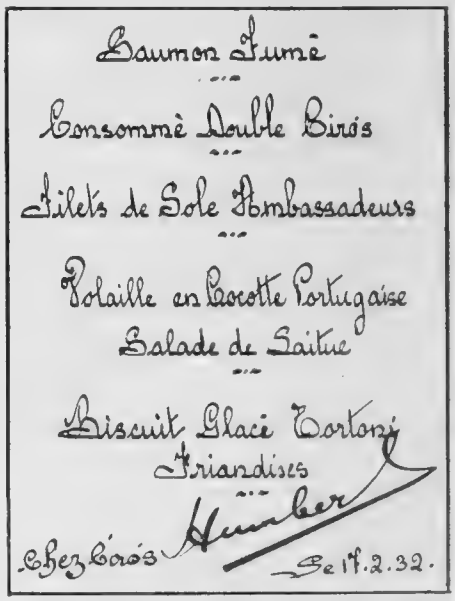
Sauce.—One teaspoonful each of made mustard and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, or three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

Salade aux Tomates et Poires

Cut some ripe tomatoes and thinly peeled slices of pears. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Cover with a good mayonnaise sauce; sprinkle over a few mustard seeds and serve.

A reader has requested a recipe for Zabaglione. It has been given us by courtesy of Mr. Quaglino, of Chez Quaglino, Bury Street.

Zabaglione.—Five yolks of egg, one soupspoonful of sugar put into a small saucepan. Whip together for two minutes. When nicely whipped add four spoonfuls of sherry or white wine (whichever is preferred). Whip again. In a larger saucepan have some boiling water. Place the small saucepan containing the mixture into the other, and while the water is kept boiling continue to beat until it becomes fairly thick. Remove the small saucepan and whip again. Then serve in cups. This is sufficient for two portions.



The menu of the recent Dress Parade Night dinner in the Restaurant at Ciro's. It has been signed by the popular manager, M. Humbert

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Sunshine Cruises

The Blue Star's superb crusing liner "Arandora Star" is booked to make a series of three cruises in the Mediterranean. The first cruise starts on March 18 and will last for twenty-nine days, the cost per head being from 50 guineas. The second cruise will start on April 22, lasting twenty-five days, and costs from 45 guineas; whilst the third cruise, lasting eighteen days, and costing from 28 guineas per head, will start on May 21. The "Arandora Star" is a model of charming comfort, with palatial public rooms and charming staterooms, a glorious ballroom, a verandah café, an exquisite Louis XIV restaurant, a new open-air tiled swimming bath with sun Lido, and extensive sports decks and silent sundecks away from games. Full particulars and an illustrated cruise programme are obtainable from the Blue Star Line's offices at 3, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1, 10, Water Street, Liverpool, and the chief agents.

Fighting Strain

These are indeed days of stress and strain when men are called upon to overcome the handicap of business worries, overwork, and hurried meals, and women are obliged to contend with domestic worries, nursing, and sleeplessness. All too often these bring in their train a tale of exhausted nerves, impaired digestion, low vitality, insomnia, and kindred ills, and more and more men and women are finding a sure help in contending with such troubles in Benger's Food, an old and tried friend as soothing and sleep inducing as it is easy to take and pleasant to the palate. Strain time is certainly Benger time, as thousands and thousands of grateful men and women all over the world know and acknowledge.

Mr. J. E. Greenwood, the designer, giving a demonstration of the lightness and serviceability of the Seagull Outboard Motor which is made by Messrs. John Marston Ltd., of Wolverhampton. The "Seagull" engine costs only £26, weighs 33 lbs., and runs for an hour on about a quarter of a gallon of petrol

Parliament a Hundred Years Ago

"Vacher's Corrected List of the House of Commons returned to serve in the tenth Parliament of the United Kingdom," dated 6th December, 1831, has been issued every year since that date. It has thus attained its hundredth year of publication, and is published by Messrs. Vacher and Sons, Ltd., Westminster House, S.W.1, at 1s., post free 1s. 1d. In 1833 a list of the House of Lords was also included in the little blue volume which became known as "Vacher's Parliamentary Companion," an indispensable book of reference for all concerned with government—national and local. As regards the House of Commons the 1831 Parliament consisted of 658 members, as compared with 615 in 1931. The pocket boroughs, with few electors, account for the larger number of members in the pre-Reform days. It is doubtful whether Parliamentary Reform has produced an abler representation of the nation than existed a century ago. Glancing through the 1831 list of Members of the House of Commons one notes many names of men who were very much in the public eye in those days and whose descendants represented the people in recent Parliaments: Ashley, Balfour, Bentinck, Russell, Brabazon, Buxton, Beresford, Cavendish, Cecil, Castlereagh, Churchill, Wyndham, Spencer, Dalrymple, Stanley, Stanhope, Fitzroy, Hobhouse, Cust, Freemantle, Hope, Clive. It is curious to note that the "Officers of the House of Commons" in 1831 included a "Deliverer of Post Letters," and among the "Officers of the House of Peers" were "A Housekeeper," "Deputy Housekeeper," and "A Necessary Woman."

FOUR-DOOR SALOON £285
(*Ex Works, Hendon*)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof £10 extra.

Fixed-head Coupé, **£295**

All-weather Saloon and Drop-head Coupé, **£325**

Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

Gear-changing as easy as A. B. C.

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9

"FATHER," accused Kenneth, "I know your guilty secret! You've been taking driving lessons."

"Wrong, as usual," answered his father. "Though I'll admit my driving has vastly improved lately," he added, complacently.

"I should say it had. For one thing, you haven't muffed a single gear-change all day. That's something new for you."

"Exactly as new as the car Ken. This Cadet is the 1932 model, with Synchro-Mesh gears."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. There's no chance of a bad gear-change, and I don't have to double-declutch, or anything. Just put the lever into second or top—that's all. And that leaves me free to attend to the traffic. No, my lad—there's no need for lessons in driving the Cadet."

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P. —— SIX CYLINDERS)

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corot models by instalments

come to corot for your new spring outfit. choose a delightful new ensemble, costume, coat, afternoon or evening gown, and pay for it by convenient monthly instalments without any extra charge whatever. call at the charming showrooms and choose a model personally, or post the coupon below for the latest spring fashion guide and full particulars.

"modern times"

here is the very newest version of the suit, for it boasts not only the wide revers line but also the tie collar in summer dyed ermine lapin. the slim tailoring of the hip line in both coat and skirt is to be noted. let us make this to your measurement: in the new red, or a vivid blue or green .. .. **21/-** monthly cash 7 gns.

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free please send me full details of instalment plan, with spring fashion guide.

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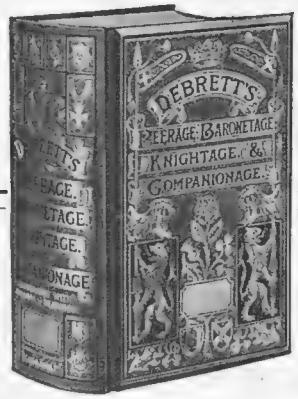

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Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred. Essential to everyone after a Dissolution, a General Election, and many Cabinet changes.

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A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates

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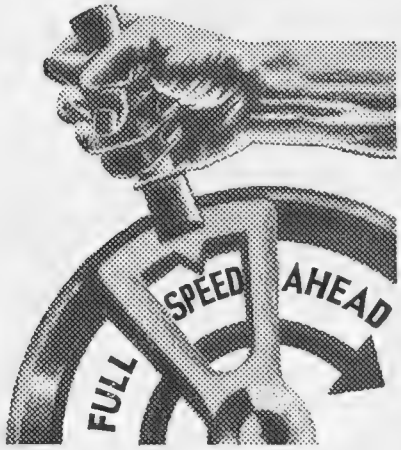
Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings. Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo., 75/- net; or in Two vols., Peerage and Title of Courtesy 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,

Debrett House, 29, King Street Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.



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"Sell British" is the best advertising policy of to-day. The British public wants British goods. Never before was the demand so urgent or so insistent. The producer of British goods who tells the public that his goods are British—who marks them, labels them, and advertises them in such a way that they *must* be identified as British—is going to reap a rich reward at the expense of his foreign competitors.

British manufacturers! Help the public to "buy British." Don't take too much knowledge for granted. Proclaim the origin of your goods.

Tell the public—

"This is British"

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Specialité

The Tudor Costume

£6.6.0

This is **All-British Workmanship** and **Material.** Mr. Smee cuts and fits personally.

Advanced selection of Early Spring Materials

If not able to call send for my self-measurement form with patterns, receiving the same personal attention.

Riding Coat and Breeches from **£9.9.0**

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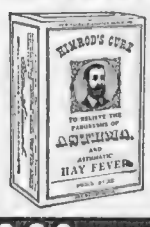

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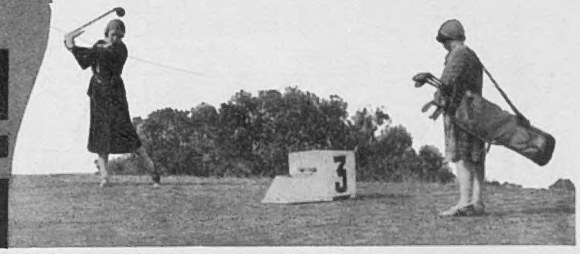

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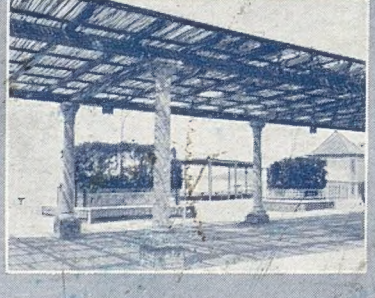
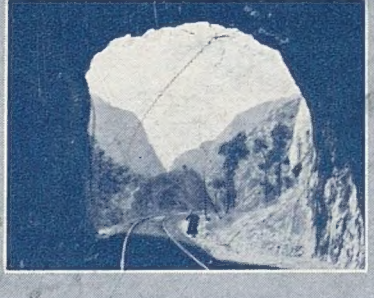
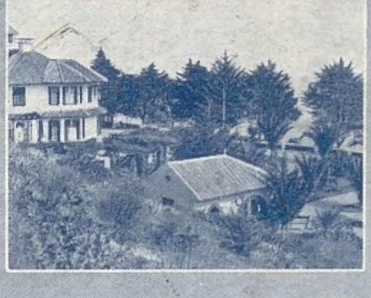

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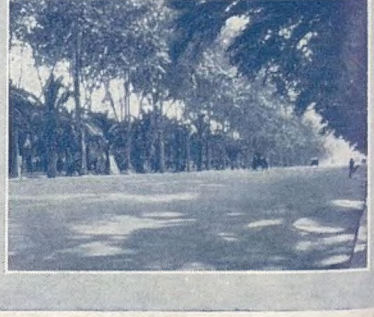

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